

THE CHAUTAUQUAN.

VOL. XXVII.

AUGUST, 1898.

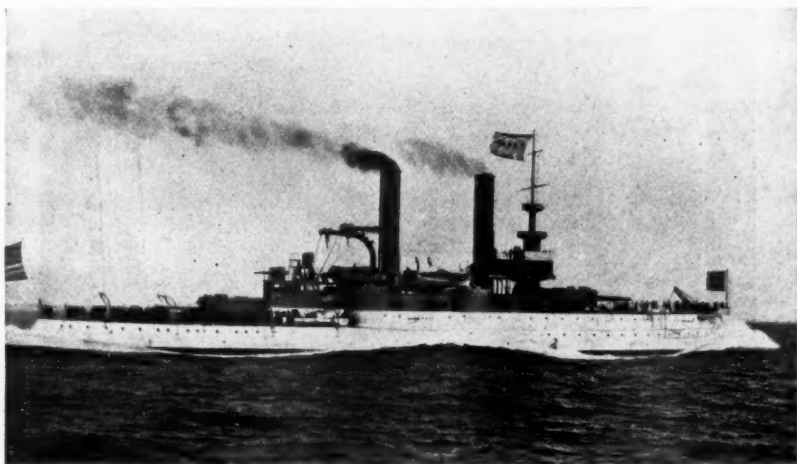
No. 5.

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THE VITALS OF A BATTLE-SHIP.

BY RICHARD LEE FEARN.

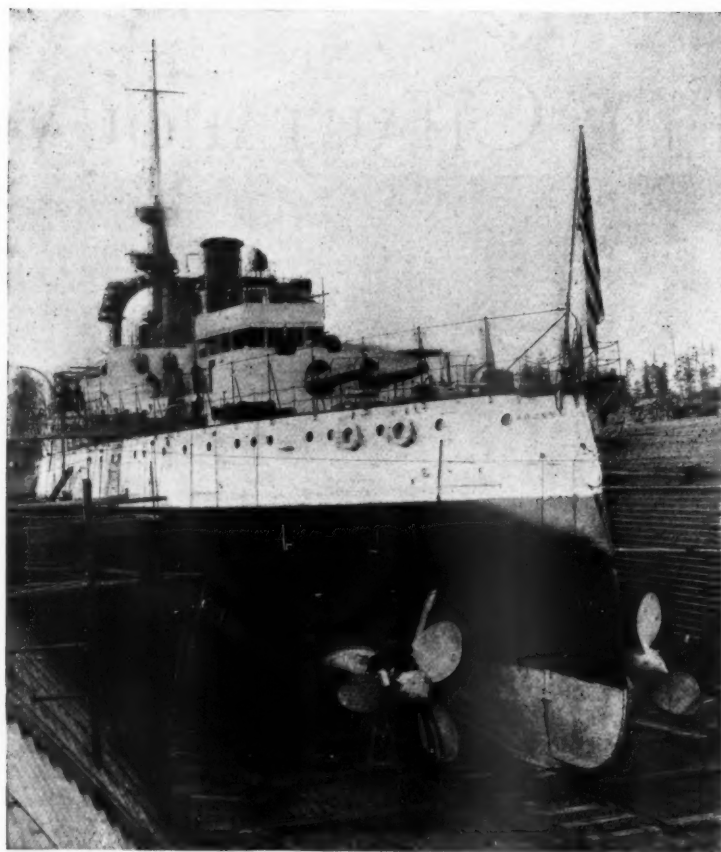


U. S. S. "IOWA," ON HER OFFICIAL TRIAL TRIP, APRIL 7, 1897.

LANDSMEN possess inadequate ideas of the modern American war-ship, with its multiplied internal complexities, the exceeding intricacy of its organism, and the almost infinite details that make it at once the most powerful machine ever devised by man and comparable in its wonderful operations to the human body alone. The remarkable voyage of the *Oregon*, the achievement of the *Iowa* before San Juan, and the external appearance as well as the tremendous offensive and defensive qualities of such high-powered vessels are more or less familiar to every one, but the hidden

forces which make one of these vessels the least vulnerable and at the same time the most formidable of all human creations are almost as mysterious to the popular mind as the abstruse problems of physiology.

One of these ships cruising at sea is scarcely more impressive than an ordinary merchant steamer, which frequently out-classes her in mere dimensions, but the exterior appearance is altogether delusive. Save for the murderous muzzles of her big guns, there is nothing awful or inspiring about the squat hull of a battle-ship. Her tons of armor are concealed beneath the



U. S. S. "OREGON," IN PUGET SOUND DRY DOCK, 1897.

white paint of peace-time and her most notable attribute is, seemingly, her scrupulous cleanliness. Her blunt bow and stout waist are in marked contrast to the fine graceful taper of the cruisers, yachts, and passenger steamers that are seen in every harbor. But naval officers will tell you that all notions of beauty and symmetry had to be abandoned in her design and that, unprepossessing as she is in white, she is villainously ugly when daubed all over with the ghostly drab of war and stripped for fighting.

Battle-ships, like all vessels of war, are at best made up of compromises, with a sacrifice of some degree of invulnerability in one place to admit of additional formidability in another. They have a little less ar-

mor than is desirable, in order that their bunker capacity may be greater; more coal could be advantageously carried did it not diminish the space required for boilers; engine power is curtailed, with consequent loss of speed, in order to increase the battery, the latter compelling in turn the adoption of unshapely hulls to provide a steady platform without excessive draft, which in turn is restricted by the depth of docks and harbor channels. The limitations binding the constructors, engineers, and ordnance experts are rigid and the final result indicates how successfully these designers have avoided making their sacrifices too great in any direction, bearing in mind the indispensable requirement of making the armor as nearly

as possible impenetrable over those parts of the ship where vital injury could be inflicted, while providing guns capable of creating the greatest damage to an adversary of her own class.

The United States navy now possesses four splendid battle-ships in commission, while five are under construction, and Congress has recently authorized three more. Of those in actual service the *Massachusetts*, *Indiana*, and *Oregon* are sister ships, that is, they were built from the same plans and specifications, while the *Iowa*, designed two years later, varies from these only in detail, the chief difference being the addition of another deck forward, giving more freeboard and raising the bow turret about seven feet.

The *Iowa* is considered the finest vessel afloat, not only superior to all others in the American navy, but unsurpassed by the fighting monsters of any nation. As she lies in the water half her body is submerged, her wetted surface exceeding 35,000 square feet, or about three fourths of an acre. Her length on the water-line is 360 feet, beyond which her ram projects two feet and seven inches. Her extreme breadth over all is seventy-two feet two and one half inches, and her molded depth or height of hull

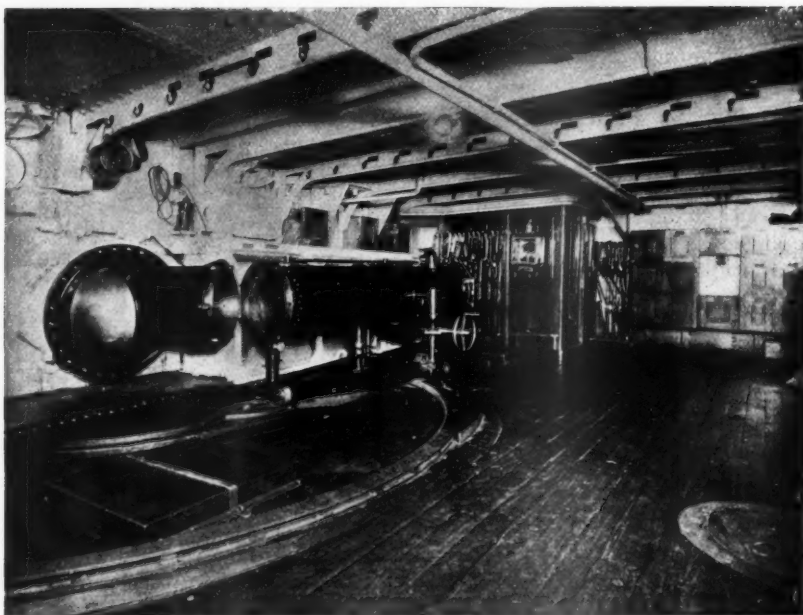


CHIEF NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR PHILIP HICHBORN.
Designer of the "New York."

from keel to upper deck is forty-two feet, the draft when normally loaded, ready for cruising, being twenty-four feet. Her freeboard, or distance from water-line to deck, is nineteen feet forward, eighteen feet amidships, and twelve feet aft, while her forward turret guns are fifty feet, her bridge seventy feet, and her smoke-stacks ninety feet, respectively, above the keel. Approximately the volume of air and water occupied by



MARINES SERVING A FIVE-INCH RAPID-FIRE RIFLE.



A TORPEDO TUBE ON THE BERTH-DECK.

the *Iowa* is that of a cube with an edge of ninety feet. When loaded to draw twenty-four feet, the ship weighs 11,363 tons, this figure being technically known as her displacement. She is rated commercially as of 6,294.76 gross tons, and her net tonnage is 5,434.38.

An American battle-ship essentially consists of two distinct vessels, one heavily armored, built within the other, which is unarmored. The armored portion or citadel is practically a complete double-turret monitor similar in size and power to the ships of the *Puritan* and *Monterey* type. The unarmored sections extend forward and aft for the purpose of supplying additional seaworthiness, freeboard, and coal capacity, and include the superstructure, providing accommodations for the large crew and furnishing increased elevation and protection for the numerous rapid-fire rifles of the auxiliary and secondary batteries.

The unarmored portion, particularly near and below the water-line, is minutely subdivided into water-tight compartments, be-

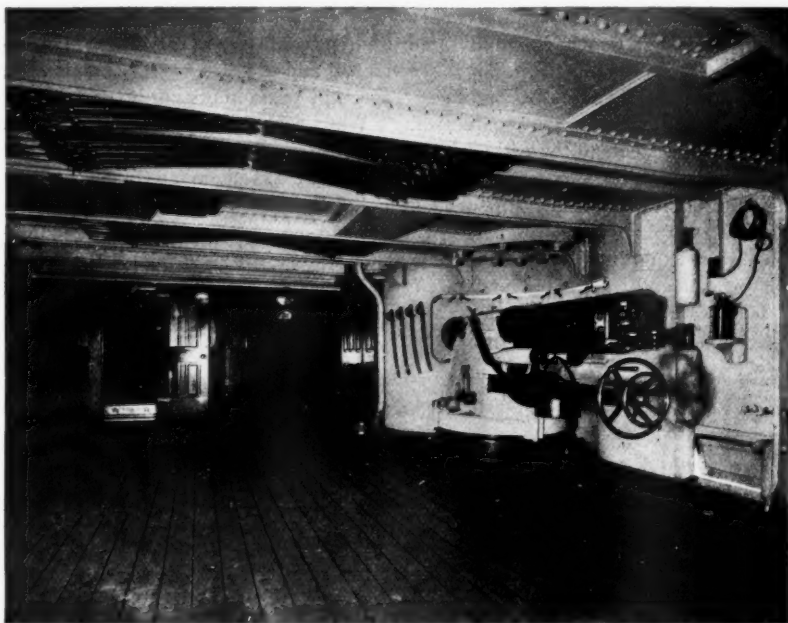
tween which communication may be instantly cut off by water-tight doors having the office of rendering each section of the ship independent of all the others. Beneath the water-line the entire hull of the ship consists of two skins of plating, the double bottoms being three feet apart and separated into hundreds of cells, each of forty-eight cubic feet capacity. Every one of these cells is connected with the drainage and ventilating system, and when the ship is in dry dock each of them is entered by workmen, who, after removing any accumulation of rust, lay on a coat of red paint and again seal them before the vessel is floated. This arrangement of comparatively minute cells serves to localize any injury sustained by the immersed hull. In the unarmored extremities of the ship, above as well as below the water-line, the cells are packed with dry corn-pith, especially manufactured for the purpose. This material swells instantly upon contact with water and in actual practice its efficiency has been demonstrated by a test in which a hole made by

an eight-inch projectile effectually closed itself before a drop of water penetrated to the interior of the ship.

Within this double bottom the whole ship is a veritable labyrinth of larger compartments, the *Iowa* being cut up into fully one hundred and forty rooms, each capable of practically instantaneous isolation from the others and all connected with powerful pumps ever ready to neutralize the consequences of an injury affecting any considerable number of them, the destruction

redoubt is the chief defensive element of the ship and contains the engines and boilers, the guns, torpedoes, and ammunition magazines, and the nearly innumerable mechanisms that constitute her offensive power.

For a distance amidships of nearly two thirds her length the *Iowa* is girdled by bands of heavy harveyized armor seven and one half feet broad, about equally divided above and below the water-line. For 185 feet this belt is fourteen inches thick and is attached to the vessel's sides, rendering



A FIVE-INCH RAPID-FIRE GUN IN THE SUPERSTRUCTURE.

of four or five of them, however, causing no apprehension as to the vessel's safety. These rooms below the protective deck are used chiefly for the ship's stores and above the water-line they are devoted principally to living quarters for the officers and crew.

The vitals of the battle-ship, so called by the naval constructor in referring to those parts upon whose security from injury the fighting efficiency of the vessel depends, are all enclosed in the citadel except the rudder and the propelling screws. This armored

them proof against the heaviest guns afloat at any but point-blank broadside ranges. At its extremities this belt turns inboard at an acute angle, terminating on the ship's center line in the barbettes that support and protect the foundations and mechanism of the ponderous twelve-inch gun turrets. This massive bulwerk is roofed over by the arched protective deck, two and three quarters inches thick, while above, for ninety feet longitudinally amidships and to a height of seven feet, the superstructure

sides of five-inch armor extend, defending the torpedo tubes and auxiliary battery. At its ends the light armor turns slantingly athwartships, terminating behind each twelve-inch turret.

Below the protective deck, sheltered by 1,775 tons of coal in wisely distributed bunkers and just above the keel, in separate compartments occupying a length of 130 feet, lie the engines and boilers, which give power to every mechanism of the vessel. The steam is made in five cylindrical Scotch boilers, three of them being double-ended, sixteen feet nine inches diameter and twenty feet long, the other two having the same diameter and half the length. They are fired from thirty-two furnaces having an aggregate grate surface of 756 square feet. Besides supplying steam to the main driving engines they feed a large number of small motors scattered throughout the ship for such functions as pumping, ventilating, steering, distilling, electric-lighting, anchor-handling, ash-hoisting, turret-turning, feed and circulating pumps, refrigerating apparatus, and heating in winter, nearly all these sys-

tems being in duplicate as a precautionary measure. The main driving engines are of the vertical, inverted, triple-expansion type, the high, intermediate, and low pressure cylinders being respectively thirty-nine, fifty-five, and eighty-eight inches diameter, all with forty-eight inches stroke of piston. The volume of the low pressure cylinder is about that of a cube with an edge of thirteen feet. These engines are coupled directly to two propellers, each sixteen and one half feet diameter with twenty feet pitch, and upon a four hours' trial trip in April, 1897, they averaged 109½ revolutions per minute, developing 12,105 horse power, and drove a vessel at a maintained speed of 17.09 knots per hour.

When a battle-ship is cruising in medium latitudes the temperature of the fire and engine-rooms seldom falls below 140 degrees Fahrenheit, and when it is remembered that little or no wood-work is countenanced in such vessels, the sufferings of the crews now in tropical waters may be appreciated and a satisfactory reason obtained for Admiral Dewey's "recess for breakfast" at the bat-



By Courtesy of *Cassier's Magazine*.

VIEW INSIDE THE TURRET OF THE "MASSACHUSETTS."

tle of Manila and for Admiral Sampson's predilection for daybreak attacks.

Immediately forward and aft of the engine spaces of the *Iowa*, on her lowest level, are the magazines, holding 370 tons of explosives, and almost directly above them are the great guns, four of twelve-inch caliber in the bow and stern turrets of fifteen inches hardened steel, and nearer amidships on each broadside are the four eight-inch turrets, each with its couple of eight-inch rifles. These six turrets are at the apexes of the barbette citadel, powder and shell being furnished to them from the depths below by automatic ammunition hoists operated by electricity. The large turrets are elliptical in plan, the rear end extending over the cylindrical barbettes in order to balance the overhanging gun muzzles and to bring the center of gravity of the revolving weights into the axis of revolution. On each of the turrets are three armored sighting hoods where the officers in charge are stationed in action. The ranking officer in the central hood trains the turret, while those in the side hoods give the requisite elevation to the gun immediately under them. Each has all the necessary manipulating levers directly in control, while telephones and voice-pipes place him in constant communication with the commanding officer in the conning tower and with the forces in the engine-rooms and magazines.

A twelve-inch rifle is thirty-eight feet long, with four feet external diameter at the breech, and weighs forty-eight tons. Its 850-pound shot driven by a 430-pound charge of brown prismatic powder leaves the muzzle with a velocity exceeding 1,400 miles per hour and would reach a target at its effective range of five and one half miles in twenty-four seconds, while it would take the report of its discharge twenty-seven seconds to traverse the same distance. At a range of a mile and one half this shot would perforate nineteen inches of solid steel. The 250-pound projectile of the eight-inch rifle will penetrate a foot of armor at the range of one mile. The six four-inch rapid-fire guns within the superstructure each delivers eight forty-pound projectiles in a minute,

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while the twenty-six-pounders distributed over the vessel can be relied upon to clear an enemy's decks or to disable torpedo-boats by maintaining a terrific hail of explosive shell capable of destroying any unarmored position. The final offensive resources of the citadel are the four torpedo-tubes, each prepared to launch automatic and dirigible destroyers containing one hundred and fifty pounds of guncotton.

The peace complement of the *Iowa*, which has not been increased in war, is 505 men, of whom 469 are enlisted as ordinary seamen, marines, firemen, and petty officers, and thirty-six are regularly commissioned naval officers. She is also provided, as a flag-ship, with accommodations for an admiral and his staff.

The *Iowa* cost over \$6,000,000, of which \$3,000,000 was for hull and machinery, \$1,000,000 for armor, \$1,000,000 for guns, and \$1,000,000 for equipment. In addition she carries at least \$1,000,000 worth of ammunition and other stores.

On such a ship in action a man will probably die where he fights if he is badly wounded, for surgical aid cannot reach him on account of every compartment being closed at the commencement of an engagement. At least 250 men are continually below the water-line in the fire and engine-rooms and in the magazines. They witness none of the battle, although their work is more exhausting and perhaps as hazardous as that of the actual fighters, to whom popular praise is apt to be altogether accorded. Upon these men struggling in the depths of the hold rest the responsibilities of keeping the guns supplied with ammunition and of furnishing the power needed to maneuver the ship. In case of disaster the lives of those above may be saved, but if an antagonist's torpedo reached its destination, the men in the citadel are sure of death, for every opening in the protected deck has been fastened down before the battle began and there is no possibility of escape. A spark drifting down into the magazines or a chance shell dropping upon the smoke-stack gratings would abruptly end the earthly careers of these heroes of the vitals.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

THERE is one picture that will always linger in my memory. It is that of a radiant day in June, 1889, when visitors from every part of the Union had gathered at West Point to witness the closing exercises of the graduating class of the Military Academy. Like many other parents, I had a boy in that class and had journeyed many miles to be thrilled by the last cavalry charge across the plain, to mingle in the pleasant stir and bustle, and to witness the commissioning of the proud cadets as second lieutenants in the military service of their country.

The "star" on that memorable occasion was the grim old warrior, William Tecumseh Sherman, general of the United States army, who had retired six years previous. He had donned his faded uniform in honor of the day, and, seated on the porch of the hotel, was continuously surrounded by friends and admirers, who never wearied of listening to his reminiscences of the stupendous War for the Union, in which he was so prominent an actor.

And what a *raconteur* he was! How full of wit and vivid incident! How graphic were his pictures of those awful days when many of the most hopeful despaired, but throughout which he never lost faith in the final triumph of the cause for which he risked his life and received more than one wound!

Sherman was never in a happier mood than on that day. I recall that among the delighted listeners was General Lew Wallace, who, leaning on the railing, exchanged badinage with him, while Wallace's eyes twinkled with humor behind his spectacles. McCutcheon was another well-known Union officer, who asked questions on purpose to keep Sherman talking, and occasionally indulged in a modest remark of his own.

The afternoon was not without its humorous feature. In the midst of one of

General Sherman's most interesting reminiscences, while we all gave rapt attention, a colored waiter with white apron bustled out of the hotel door. He was short, very fat, with shining visage, and evidently held a good opinion of himself. Without a moment's hesitation, he walked rapidly up to General Sherman and laid his pudgy hand on his shoulder.

"Oxcoos me, sah; is yo' name Cahson?" he asked.

Without the slightest ruffle of his temper, the general replied:

"No, but I knew Kit Carson very well in California; are you looking for him? If so, I'm sorry to inform you he is dead, though I adopted one of his sons."

"No, sah, dis is another Cahson; if yo' see him jes' let me know. What is yo' name?"

"Sherman," was the imperturbable reply. "All right, but I'm lookin' for Mistah Cahson."

"I really hope you will find him," gravely remarked the general, as amid the smiles of the auditors the African bustled back into the hotel.

Somehow or other the talk drifted to the Atlanta campaign. I believe General McCutcheon was in that campaign and the two leaders compared notes.

"We ought to have wound up Hood in front of Atlanta," suggested McCutcheon.

"And so we should," declared Sherman, "but for one slip. We had everything fixed so that there ought to have been no failure. General —— was to come from one direction, General —— from another, General —— from a third, while I was to advance by the last route. Thus Hood would have been surrounded and we should have gobbled up every mother's son of them, excepting such as were killed. Generals —— were on time and so was I, but the fourth was slow. That, you see,

left a line of retreat open, and it was through that one hole that Hood and his army escaped. Thus the failure of a single officer spoiled what otherwise would have been an overwhelming success."

"Who was that tardy officer?" a civilian ventured to inquire.

General Sherman took a puff at his cigar, looked slowly around, and then pointed to a gentleman sitting at the further end of the porch, and scarcely lowering his voice, said:

"That's the man, confound him!"

At this moment a lady came forward and begged permission to introduce her daughter, a rosy-cheeked miss. Sherman was on his feet in an instant, cap in hand. Taking the dainty fingers in his own, he leaned forward and implanted a kiss on the glowing cheek. The young lady blushed with pleasure and she had reason to be proud, for that salute, like the thousands that touched the cheeks of Beauty, was as pure as if bestowed by Godfrey of Bouillon or the lips of the prophet. No whisper of scandal was ever breathed against that iron man of war, whose private life might well serve as a model for all his kind. To him, as to his other comrades in arms, woman was a sacred being and man's highest privilege was to serve as her knight.

Many young ladies sought an introduction that day, as they always did when Sherman was accessible, and I believe it was his invariable custom to kiss each, commenting at the same time pleasantly upon his prerogative and charming all by his tactful remarks.

Finally, noting Sherman's happy mood, one of the group asked:

"General, I never understood how it was you came to gain the reputation of 'the Great American Beau'; won't you enlighten us?"

The question tickled him. The seamed face dissolved into wrinkles, and after laughing in his silent way for a minute or two, he said:

"Well, now you will be surprised when I tell you that that whole thing was the work of General Grant, but it's a fact. Just after the war closed, Grant asked me to take a ride with him in Washington behind a horse he

had just bought and of which he was very fond. As we spun down the avenue I said, 'See here, Grant, now that the piping times of peace have come, we must choose a fad.'

"What are you driving at, Sherman?" he asked.

"I mean to say that if we don't fix upon something, the public will do it for us and it may not be pleasant."

"Well, it is pretty generally known that I am fond of horses; I suppose that will answer for me. What have you in mind?"

"I told him I had fixed upon nothing as yet, but would try to do so. Meanwhile, I asked for his help. He said he would be glad to serve me."

"Now, what do you suppose Grant did?" asked Sherman, with pretended indignation. "Why, he made straight for the newspaper correspondents and told them that I had formed the resolution to devote the rest of my life to earning the name of a gallant for all the young ladies in the country. At the same time, he intimated to the newspaper men that he would take it as a personal favor if they would do what they could to spread the news: it would doubtless be of assistance to me and he was sure I would appreciate the kindness."

"Well, those correspondents didn't need any urging. The whole thing was heralded from one end of the country to the other, my first knowledge coming from the papers themselves. I saw through the whole thing, though Grant tried to play innocent. Ah, he was a sly wag, but," added Sherman, "I forgave him, and I find the work of trying to live up to the reputation he made for me the most delightful pursuit of my life."

Grant, Sherman, Sheridan. What an immortal triad! What would the history of the War for the Union be with their deeds omitted? What gallantry, what patriotism, what devotion, what leadership was centered in them! All are gone. Grant sleeps on the bank of the Hudson, Sherman on the shore of the Mississippi, and Sheridan at Arlington, but their memory is enshrined in the hearts of a loving, grateful country and shall endure when the mausoleum's marble has crumbled to dust.

A number of us sat on the porch until far beyond midnight, listening to the entertaining talk of Sherman. No one ventured upon anything more than a question, for we felt that it would rob us of a pleasure that was likely never to be repeated. He recalled the leading campaigns in which he had taken part, spoke with reverent admiration of Grant, whose greatness he placed above any modern military leader. One of the most admirable traits in the character of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan was their loyalty to one another. Not one of the three would admit that there was the slightest defect in the others. There are many to-day who remember that when they sought to commend the skill of Sheridan as a cavalry leader to Grant, the latter, hardly waiting until the compliment was finished, would say:

"Sheridan is all that, but many make the mistake of thinking he is no more. Now, Sheridan is a great general, capable of forming grand combinations and planning vast campaigns. He ranks among the foremost leaders of the age."

Grant was equally enthusiastic in his praise of Sherman, while no one needs to be reminded of the opinion entertained by the two of Grant himself.

I asked Sherman about the employment of spies during the war, and among the incidents he related was the following:

"It was after the close of our march to the sea, and we had started north from Savannah. I was sitting in my tent one night, smoking and chatting with my leading officers, when an orderly appeared, saluted, and told me that a lady was waiting outside and insisted upon seeing me.

"I felt so cozy and comfortable with my comrades that I showed impatience at the interruption. I demanded pretty sharply who she was, saying that I had no wish to receive any female visitors.

"*'She has been sent out of the lines by General —,'* said the orderly, *'and demands to see you.'*

"*'What I expected!'* I exclaimed with disgust; *'I suppose her secession sentiments*

were more than General — could stand and now she comes to me. I won't see her; dismiss her; send her off; get rid of her!'

"Before the orderly could do as directed, the woman, who was near by and must have overheard my words, appeared at the entrance of the tent, her black eyes flashing and her face aflame.

"*'Are you General Sherman?'* she demanded, her voice trembling with rage.

"Of course I and all my officers bounded to our feet and I inquired in my most courteous manner, after admitting that I was General Sherman, in what way I could serve her.

"*'I want to see you alone, sir!'* she replied, much as if she were the judge and I the convicted criminal.

"I nodded to my friends, all of whom withdrew, and I was left alone with this feminine devourer of fire. She was standing in front of the entrance to the tent, while I, cap in hand, confronted her. Neither of us spoke for a moment, when she glanced furtively around.

"*'Are we alone?'* she asked in a half-whisper.

"*'Wholly so,'* I answered a little louder.

"And then we looked in each other's faces and laughed heartily but silently.

"*'What have you brought?'* I asked.

"She took a small roll from the bosom of her dress and handed it to me. As I unfolded it, I saw that it was a complete diagram, showing the location of all of Joe Johnston's divisions, brigades, and regiments and the strength of each. His own engineers could not have done better.

"This woman was a school-teacher in the neighborhood and had been thus employed for several years. I had received messages of great value from her before. Only one of my officers, General —, knew that she was a spy, and by an understanding between him and me he sent her out of his lines because of her offensive disunion sentiments. She appealed to me, as it was arranged she should do. I paid her six hundred dollars in gold for that special business and, since the war was so nearly ended, we did not meet again."

THE SCIENCE OF POPULATION.

BY CARLO F. FERRARIS.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE ITALIAN "NUOVA ANTOLOGIA."

THE scientific study of the population and its statistics was begun by a work on human mortality, presented in 1661 to the Royal Society of London by John Grant. It was developed—the technical part especially—by Petty, who died in 1687, and by all those who cultivated the so-called "political arithmetics," which applied mathematics to the research of social phenomena, the first form of the statistical method. Later on the investigation of the causes and laws of the phenomena was undertaken by Süssmilch, who published his great work on the mutations of the human race in 1741. The study in its first phase was a kind of physiology of population, bringing to light the causes which determine its condition and its movements.

It is noticeable that all the authors of that time considered the increase of population as unconditionally beneficial. But when the industrial revolution which was brought about by the application of machinery in the second half of the eighteenth century was seen to be accompanied by a rapid increase in population, and the phenomenon of pauperism was more clearly revealed, Malthus used the same method of observation to throw light on a new aspect of the problem, the relation between population and subsistence. From this grew up the innumerable theories, so frequently fantastic, on the relations between population and the social economic order. Finally Quetelet, who died in 1874, was able to make use of more certain mathematical methods and more abundant material in determining the causes which influence the individual manifestations of the phenomenon of population. And he better demonstrated their regularity by extending his researches to the moral problems which are indissolubly connected with them. Thus all the elements of a new science have been

gradually brought together, a science which some still consider as a part of political economy and others confuse with applied statistics, but which can henceforth lay claim to independence, and present itself as an entirely distinct field of study separated from the other social sciences.

Levasseur has conceived and treated the science of population with a truly marvelous breadth of judgment. Having narrated the story of the population of France from ancient times down to 1789, he then proceeds to study it as it was presented in our century, and compares it continually with the phenomena of the states, of which there are reliable statistics. In this way he investigates the general condition of the population, its numbers, its racial composition and anthropometrical data, then its natural or intrinsic movements, such as births, marriages, and deaths. From this he goes on to special considerations on the distribution of the population in regard to age, the tables of longevity, the city populations. He sets over against these some problems of what are called moral statistics, touching briefly on vice, crime, instruction and education, and free-will, and finally he devotes an entire volume to the laws of population, the equilibrium of nations and races, where he examines the relation of population to wealth, its fecundity, its internal and international migrations.

An analogous work, though of smaller proportions, is given us by Rauchberg on the population of Austria, census of December 31, 1890. This is one of the most perfect studies that our century has seen. It has the same boundaries as the statistics of the census and therefore contains matter which does not properly belong to the science in question, such as religious sects, elementary education, ownership of real estate, while it bestows but incidental treat

ment on other subjects that are fundamental to the science, such as the changes in the civil status. But the history of the population of Austria in the last two centuries, its condition, its migrations, especially the migrations within the state, its divisions of sex, age, professions, occupations, and classes are there discussed with so special and accurate a treatment as to confer on the work a highly scientific character and give it unusual importance.

Another German writer, Rümelin, has presented a concise monograph on the subject. He clearly separates the science of population from the other social sciences, as from political economy, with which it has intimate relations, but coordinate, not subordinate. Just as the population offers in a way the biological facts fundamental to social life, so the science of population ought to have the precedence among the social sciences. Rümelin adopts the usual twofold division of the subject, the status of the population (as regards its numbers, both absolute and relative, its make-up according to sex, age, civil status, its origin, its diseases, and its distribution in residence) and its movements, as indicated by marriages, vital statistics, migrations, and so on. But he does not stop here. Turning to investigate the phenomenon of the increase of population, he first uses the statistics at hand, then traces back its historical evolution, in searching for both causes and effects. This gives him occasion to examine the doctrine of Malthus. The statistical investigation of the professions is excluded by Rümelin from the science of population. He limits that science to the study of the vital functions of society; and these are mainly physical. But on this foundation he sets the study of professions and occupations as the beginning of economic statistics which measure human activity turned toward the acquisition of the means of subsistence and enjoyment, and the resulting division of labor.

The last of the recent authorities on the subject, Von Mayr, in a work the first volume of which appeared in 1897, considers statistics, practical or applied, as the exact

doctrine of society. He divides them into statistics of the population, moral statistics, statistics of civilization, economic statistics, and political statistics. The first of these is the exact science of population, and Mayr would prefer to call it "demology." The divisions and sub-divisions of Mayr's work leave little to be desired in comprehensiveness and thoroughness. His wealth of material and data is something marvelous. In discussing the movement of the population he takes into consideration both the external and internal pressure, those elements within the race and those impulses from without it which have determined its developed types in history and society. He conclusively proves that the complexity of the agents, the motive forces, are such that we cannot speak of a unique and single law of population. Here he approaches the Malthusian doctrine, like the others. But Mayr asserts that this problem cannot be solved by "demology" alone. The assistance of economics is necessary to the full elucidation of the matter.

It must be obvious that the science of population depends on the exactness of the various censuses which are taken from time to time in the different countries of the world, though, as we have said, a census generally includes many subjects which pertain to other branches of social science. Among these are the numbers of different races and nationalities, the number of real-estate owners, the numbers of the various religious sects, and so on, none of which can properly come within the limits of "demography," the science of population. It is, however, still debated whether this science has to do with the statistics of the professions and classes. This discrepancy of view arises from the fact that the statistics of the professions and classes have only recently enjoyed a development adequate to their importance. They had always been considered as a somewhat modest part of the general census of the population. It was Germany, with its usual scientific and administrative daring, which first broke with the tradition, convinced that the union of the census of professions and

occupations with the census of the population was a hindrance to the collection of the necessary information in regard to the former, that without exact returns concerning the groupings of professions and classes it is not possible to thoroughly elucidate the phenomena of society, whether economic or intellectual, nor complete any learned or practical work in the line of social legislation, and finally that to enumerate individuals in a profession calls for technical methods somewhat different from those used in dealing with them in the family. Germany in 1882 took for the first time a special census of professions and occupations. In 1895 a second enumeration was made. The Austrian census of 1890 and the French census of 1896 did not admit the separation of the two subjects. But they conceded a very conspicuous place to professional statistics, and hence these may be said to have assumed an independent place in both countries.

The administrative autonomy of the census of professions brings us to the idea of the scientific autonomy of the study of the professions and the study of classes, which is its consequence. The census of professions reveals to us the personal basis of economic life; for instance, the number of persons engaged in economic production and how they are engaged, the personal basis of intellectual and religious culture, as the number of persons occupied in the liberal and ecclesiastical professions, the personal basis of the administrative and military ordering of the state, as the number of people employed in its service, whether civil or military. Furthermore, by combining the data of the profession with the data of the position we easily deduce the statistics of the classes, which, I believe, may be divided into the social, properly so-called, the ecclesiastical, and the political. Hence the statistics of the professions escape from the dominion, not only of the statistics of demography, but also from economic statistics, from the statistics of culture and the religious creeds, and from political statistics. It is rather the foundation of them all, as it is the empirical basis

of every general theory regarding the state and society. It scientifically merits a place by itself, and in a complete statistical scheme I would place it first, since all the other parts presuppose it. To avoid a superfluous specialization, I would, however, leave it united for the moment with the science of the population.

This definition of vital demography calls up two queries. The first may be formulated something like this: Within what limits must we investigate the phenomena of the state and the movement of population? This query presents itself owing to the fact that not a few statisticians, and Mayr among them, assert that there exist statistics of morals by the side of the demographic, economic, intellectual, and political, and to such statistics they assign the investigation, not only of criminal phenomena, but also of those which relate to moral diseases, as immorality and suicide. But it is clear that such moral statistics would occupy in regard to the other fields of statistics the same position which ethics holds in regard to the social sciences. And just as ethics does not forbid the social sciences to study from their own point of view the phenomena which it scrutinizes for the purpose of discovering ethical laws, so these statistics of morals would permit demographic, economic, political, and the other statistics to reinvestigate for their own special purpose those phenomena which they also take into consideration.

The second query is that if it pertains to vital demography to investigate the laws which regulate the increase and equilibrium of the population in regard to all the other elements of social life, and particularly the economic, can it investigate what is commonly called the Malthusian problem, or the problem of the principle of population? Levasseur and Rümelin answer yes, Rauchberg hardly touches the question. Mayr refers it to some later treatise, as the conclusion of social statistics. I hold with the first named. The Malthusian theory has undergone the storied fate of all the theories of classical economics. It appeared, like its brothers, as the product of

partial observations precociously generalized, as a one-sided solution of a very complex question. Yet it is to be deplored that while the other theories of the classical school have been impartially examined and modified or eliminated by broad and deep analyses, we have passed in regard to the theory of Malthus from unconditional admiration to the most absolute condemnation. For with all its real and supposed errors it has always remained a wonderful product of original thought, rigorous method, historical and statistical research, and sound practical propositions.

A complete demonstration of the insufficiency of the Malthusian theory (allowing that it may be demonstrated as insufficient) can be derived from no other source than from a thorough examination of the laws regulating the movement of population. When we have ascertained the causes which among the various civilized peoples have an influence on the number of marriages, births, deaths, internal and international migrations, whether they are physical, ethnical, economical, intellectual, moral, or religious causes, we shall necessarily have in hand the elements of a safe conclusion regarding the ideas advanced by Malthus. And the study of these phenomena which relate to professions and classes will be of especial importance. The study of historical demography will also assist our knowledge by the presentation of like phenomena in the past and their probable causes. Perhaps even we shall learn that certain of the manifestations which we

have supposed were the offspring of the present economic order of things, and due to a moral retrogression, were known in periods of time when the economic and ethical conditions of society were quite different. Thus an historic continuity will be recognized in the phenomena.

If we penetrate, by means of the accurate analysis which is born of quantitative observation, into the most recondite particularities of social biology, we shall have the elements by which we may recognize the action of the other social phenomena on the movement of population, and, *vice versa*, the action of this on those. Thus we shall arrive at the desired scientific solution of the Malthusian problem, and ascertain the true nature of the so-called principle of population. And inasmuch as it seems that this conviction is spreading we may safely claim for vital demography the right of embracing the study of a problem which political economy has so exclusively usurped for so long a time, though, to be sure, without much profit. It certainly behooves the student of demography to possess a mass of economic statistics less imperfect than is the present collection. Still this does not imply that the offices of the two studies should be changed. No one disputes to political economy the right of investigating the action of the demographic phenomenon on economic phenomena, but we reserve for demography the certifying of all laws pertaining to the phenomenon of population, which only by this science can be formulated either now or in the future.

THE SPANIARD IN THE FAR EAST.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

LIKE two pond-lilies suddenly opening their golden petals, Nagasaki and Manila in the sixteenth century burst into bloom on the new stream of European commerce.

The Spaniards' chapter of history in the far East is one of decay, of the degradation of religion and of labor, and the most

glaring illustration of the spoils system. Begun in robbery and greed, it has ended in revolution. Lest some might suppose that the lenses in our perspective glass have been colored by Admiral Dewey's victory, we quote from "The Diary of Richard Cocks." This level-headed English trader was no speller, but he sifted

news and only after critically weighing, did he believe what he heard. In Japan, July 11, 1615, he wrote:

Also there is a China[man] com out of the Manillias from Cagalion and reporteth . . . that Don Juan de Silva, governor of the Manillias, was secretly slipt away, hearing another was coming to take his place; but I esteem this a lye. Yet out of doubt he is hated of the most part, both Spaniards and Naturaals, for his covetnesnes, as having scraped a world of wealth together, he card not how, so he compassed it, as I have byn tould by Spaniards and others.

It is a curious fact that two expeditions, the first under Legaspi in 1564 and the last under Dewey, which captured Manila sailed from America. Legaspi (1510-72), formerly secretary of the city government of Mexico, sailed as commander November 21, and reached Zebu in February, 1565. In 1570 he began to conquer Luzon and in May, 1571, founded the city of Manila. At first the Philippine Islands were made a dependency on Mexico and the only commerce with the West during two centuries was carried on according to the Spanish idea, that of monopoly, between Acapulco and Manila.

The story of the Spaniard in Japan—his coming with priests and presents and his ignominious expulsion—is a long and checkered one. By conquest of the Duke of Alva the two crowns of Portugal and Spain were united under Philip II., but fierce jealousy and hatred continued between the two peoples. The regent Hidéyoshi (1536-98), having made himself familiar with the story of Cortez, of Pizzaro, and of Legaspi, naturally suspected the Spaniards to be breeders of sedition and civil war in order to conquer Japan. He expelled them from the country, not sparing blood. Iyéyasū (1542-1616) reopened trade with the Philippines, but his successors, having proof of Spanish treachery, closed the gates of Japan to all Iberians "as long as the sun should shine."

The Spanish and Dutch annals, illuminated by picturesque and suggestive relics and curiosities in the National Museum at Madrid, show that the Spaniards did a good deal of desultory fighting in

Cochin China, in the Japanese Archipelago, and in various groups of the great Malay Island world, as well as in the Philippines, but they never had much commerce with or influence in China. The bold navigators of the triumphant Dutch Republic, after giving their foes many a battle in the waters of Luzon and Mindaras, so nearly succeeded in capturing Manila that the Spaniards were compelled to concentrate all their forces in order to hold the Philippines, and their influence in Asia never increased. These in the far East, the Spaniards in the northern, and the Dutch in the southern and larger half of the Malay Archipelago have given the world a striking object lesson by revealing the differences between the Germanic and the Latin ideas of colony-building, and of governing native races. With Sumatra, Java, and Celebes, the story is one of the steady development of natural resources and of government so uniformly just and honorable that anything like an outbreak causes a windfall of delight in the newspaper world. On the other hand, the story of Luzon and Mindano is one of neglected and wasted resources, of bloated ecclesiasticism, of official rapacity, and of chronic insurrection.

Before the Spanish era the cycle of existence in the Philippines was that common to all that drift of humanity in the great island-chain from the Kuriles to the tropic of Capricorn. The natives had named their chief island Luthon, or Luzon, after the big wooden mortar which one can find in Japan and in the Malay world, used for the beating of grain or the kneading of rice-dough. The aboriginal blackish people, the Negritos, were driven from the coasts into the hills by the Malays. From Formosa to Borneo there is also a race of copper-colored islanders who are "Indians" in both the ancient and the American sense of the word. General Wesley Merritt, our American commander and famous Indian fighter, may have to send his veterans to face on their ancestral seats these far-off relatives of the aboriginal American.

The Chinese were the first pioneers of commerce in the archipelago long before

the Spaniards arrived. In the sixteenth century Japanese pirates scoured the seas from Siam to Siberia, preyed on the Chinese and natives, and kept things lively, alternately fighting and trading. No permanent settlement in the Philippines of either Chinese or Japanese was made, however. Business was done by barter between deck and shore. Japanese folk-lore is full of stories telling of brave heroes who brought home treasure of spoil from the far-off isle of "Ruzon." These old and undated adventures have now become pretty fairy tales.

When Legaspi, the Spanish royal governor, began to develop his new domain he encouraged the Japanese and Chinese to settle in the archipelago, and the latter came in great numbers. For nearly two hundred years commerce was carried on by an annual galleon between Manila and the Mexican port of Acapulco.

After the galleon ceased plying on the seas, a company was formed in 1765 in Madrid, with royal aid, to trade directly between Spain and the Philippines. This monopoly lasted till 1834. Since then the archipelago has been "open to the commerce of the world." That is, in true Spanish style, trade has been so hampered and hindered with petty restrictions that it reminds us of that afflicted squash grown for experimental purposes at Amherst Agricultural College, which was strapped with steel so as to see whether it would grow at all. When the Suez Canal was opened and men could drive a steamer through the continent of Africa instead of around it, the volume of Luzon's commerce doubled, for then one could leave Manila and reach Barcelona in a month and a day. The bulk of the foreign trade fell into British hands. To-day the chief banks, firms, and ships of Manila are under the Union Jack, the number of British vessels is three times that of the Spanish, and the only railroad on the island from Manila to Dagupan has been constructed with British capital.

Next after the Spaniards came the Chinese, of whom there are one hundred thousand in the archipelago, forty thousand

being in Manila. They keep most of the shops and do almost all the mechanical work. Every true American is ashamed of the cruelties practiced upon Chinamen in the United States, but where we have killed one the Spaniards in the Philippines have massacred tens of thousands. More than once there has been prolonged and systematic slaughter of these people, who, nevertheless, are bound always to conquer their murderers and persecutors by their steady industry, fair morality, and adherence to the principles of the Prince of Peace.

After the Chinese and Europeans come the Japanese, who in recent years have settled in considerable numbers, buying up land, establishing agricultural and manufacturing industries, forming great trading companies, and exchanging commodities in first-rate modern ships. Especially since the Chino-Japanese War of 1894-95 have the next-door neighbors to the Philippines been in evidence. If it can be proved that some of Japan's skilled veterans are not active in the insurgent camps we shall be much surprised.

Nature has richly endowed the Philippines. The soil is amazingly fertile, yielding cereals, timber of a hundred names, hemp, tobacco, drugs, and spices. The mineral wealth is as yet scarcely touched. The forests are famous for their orchids. We are all of us familiar with Manila hemp and Manila paper. Manila cigars and tobacco are consumed all over the world. One recent visitor tells us that 140,000,000 sticks of rolled tobacco, cheroots, cigars, or cigarettes, were made in one year and that 80,000 tons of tobacco, of which Great Britain takes over one half, are exported. Of course many of these smokers' luxuries are labelled "Cubans."

There are drawbacks to residence in this part of the world which lies between the equator and the Bashee Channel, which is the boundary line between Japan and Spain (or America?). The earthquake and the volcano are twins, as ever surely present as sleep and death. There is hardly such a thing as real estate, for the islands belong in that volcanic belt of the Western Pacific

which, beginning at the Kuriles (which is only Russian for "the smokers"), runs below the Dutch East Indies, where the awful desolations of Krakatoa are still remembered. There are constant changes in the Philippines—mountains born and swallowed up, the shore-line changed, interior lakes formed or dried up, or made to communicate with the sea. In the city of Manila itself the ruins, cracked walls, and masses of rubbish tell the awful story which is read as old or recent, according to the luxuriance of vines growing upon them. The architecture of the houses suggests the trees in late November stripped of their leaves in preparation for the winter storms, or wrestlers denuded for a tussle. No plaster on the walls, at least not on the ceilings, can be allowed, lest it fall in time of earth-tremors and crack skulls or break household furniture. Panes of glass are not agreeable when walls are grinding together, doors flying open of their own accord, or trees shaking violently in a perfectly calm atmosphere. So instead of the ordinary medium of white light, one sees the casements filled with translucent sheets of oyster shells or of nacre, set in viscid plaster, which secure light and safety. The climate is not one of the worst in the world when one learns its peculiarities, keeps out of the midday sun, and regulates his habits and diet. Although birds, animals, and reptiles of prey are not much known, yet the insect world is a very populous and industrious one. From the point of view of these winged, creeping, and crawling creatures, mankind exists simply for bait and their enjoyment.

The Spanish ideas of colonization reveal the Latin type of civilization in its extreme and degenerate form. It is the very opposite of the Germanic or Anglo-Saxon ideal. Go into any British colony and you will find practically unshackled commerce, with as few restrictions as possible. There will be no discrimination against you if you are a foreigner, whether "dago" or Yankee, black or white, a Catholic—whether of the Greek or Roman sort—a Protestant, a Buddhist or a Mussulman. Neither at the bank nor in the hospital will you be called upon

to pay one penny more because you are not a British citizen. In French, Spanish, and Portuguese colonies, all this is different. The state-paid priest and the soldier are ever present and paternalism is the rule.

At Manila we see the worst. The newcomer has his pockets searched and his trunk tumbled over, for Mexican dollars of a certain date and pamphlets criticizing the priests are under ban. There is a network of restriction upon anything like trade. It is a wonder that the British and Chinese have been able to develop business, even as they have already done. Everything seems to be under the control of the clericals. The archbishop is practically the supreme ruler, for nothing is done without his consent. From him down through bishops, priests, monks, nuns, and native catechists, runs a vast and intricate network stretching over humanity from the cradle to the grave and holding within it everything that belongs to the political, commercial, and social life of both native and foreigner. We cannot imagine any of our American Catholic friends approving of such a system, which is directly responsible for the insurrection of the natives. These have been goaded beyond endurance by exactions and cruelties. Despite repeated suppressions they have arisen again for life and freedom. We separate entirely the ideas of Roman Catholicism and Spanish administration.

Nowhere on earth have the horrors and wickednesses of the political spoils system been exemplified more than in the Philippines, for here it is in league with clericalism and we all know what happens when Pilate and Caiaphas join hands.

Generals Weyler and Blanco were governor-generals of the Philippines before coming to Cuba. The number of Spaniards to the native population is but as one to a thousand. In a word, here is "absentee landlordism," and a system that encourages office-holders to get rich quickly by rapacity. Yet this spoils system is directly nourished by the ecclesiastical corporation, which is the true child of the Inquisition. It would be as foolish as unfair if we did not give all

credit to the priests and monks for the schools which they have maintained during a century or more and for the missionary operations which were once conducted with such self-sacrifice and zeal. Yet it is a fact that long ago the conquerors, both clerical and lay, grew weary of their task and have settled down to enjoy the results of their material acquisitions, doing little or nothing of late years to raise the standard of morals or to lift up a beacon of hope to the people. Religion to-day has its chief expression in the gaudy spectacular processions on the over-numerous saint and festival days. The power, the wealth, and the learning of the colony lie entrenched within the great monasteries. There are three great fraternities (which outside of the Roman Catholic Church would be called sects or denominations), the Augustinians, the Franciscans, and, greatest of all, the Dominicans, with various other sub-orders. Like the keen and shrewd traders in money that they are, the investments of the ecclesiastics are not in Spanish, but in British banks.

The religion of the natives, who are called Christians, is the slightly modified paganism of their fathers, over which is the thin veneer of outward conformity to ritual and processions. Cock-fighting and gambling are the chief amusements, persistently habitual, with which the church makes very little interference. Those things most needed for church and state, society, and the individual in Manila or any other colony have been wholly absent. These are stimulating rivalry, honest and reasonable criticism, and the light of the world's publicity, with object lessons of better religion, government, and commerce.

Much more brief but fully as revolting is the story of the Caroline Islands, on which Spain swooped like a vulture, March 14, 1887. After thirty-five years of faithful toil, American missionaries had lifted these once cannibal savages into hopeful man-

hood. Confronting forty-seven churches, 4,509 Christian members, forty-four native pastors and helpers, with school-houses and books in five languages reduced to writing, appeared a Spanish war-ship having on board a governor, six priests, fifty soldiers, and twenty-five convicts. The results of Spain's misgovernment during twelve years are, a general insurrection of the natives still unsubdued, imprisonment of our citizens, a ban laid on books in the native tongues, and sovereignty assumed over a group of islands civilized by American people.

At last, unexpectedly to the Spaniards, Manila has been dragged into the light and, still more unexpectedly to Americans, the archipelago has been placed by divine providence within their control. What shall we do with our prize? Shall we restore the prey to the devourer? Shall we allow the Caroline Islands, whose only hope and civilization is of American missionary origin, to fall again into Spanish hands? Or shall we, as the sons of our colonizing sires, taking the event of May 1, 1898, as the call of providence, abandon one line of the traditions of our fathers and accept new responsibilities? May we not argue that if the British and Dutch people have ability to colonize, we have also?

It may be too soon to answer such questions, but one thing is certain, that for the government of alien races, honesty, kindness, and justice are the first requirements. Equally true is it that the genius of the American people, in opposition to that which history reveals in the Spaniard, honors labor, believes in pure religion, and is steadily setting itself against the spoils system in politics. In modern history the Dutch have been the exemplars of liberty, but the English-speaking nations have been still more. They have been freedom's apostles. We believe it is time for our country to join the new apostolic succession.

THOUGHTS FROM THE FRIENDS' FIRST DAY LESSONS.

[August 7.]

By grace have ye been saved by faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.—*Ephesians ii. 8.*

THIS is from a most comforting, helpful chapter to all who have been made sensible of their own shortcomings. There is a power that can quicken and inspire, even when in a state of alienation from God, comparable to being dead in trespasses and sins. The special mission of Christ is to the lost sheep. He comes as living water to those who thirst; as bread to the hungry, and as a shepherd to gather into the true fold; but there must be a willing acceptance of the means offered. The power is given, but the use of it is left to the recipient. "Faith is not dead belief but inspiring confidence," and under this enlightening spirit of grace we are made acquainted with God's kingdom and the recipients of his life. Samuel M. Janney says:

This holy religion of Christ is the life of God in the soul of man; it must be received with humility and childish simplicity; and as we abide under its teachings our spiritual senses will be opened, our evil propensities will be overcome, pure principles, holy desires, and heavenly affections will be given to us and we shall thus become partakers of the divine nature through faith and obedience. This spiritual religion will show itself by its blessed fruits in our life and conversation, and the world will acknowledge it.

Paul does not condemn good works, but places them where they belong. "We are saved by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit" and not by words of righteousness which we have done, for good works are the result of salvation, not the cause of it. They are the fruits which are born by the holy principles of righteousness engrafted into the soul by divine grace and love. Salvation is by faith; but faith must have an object, and its proper object is the presence and power of God as a spiritual deliverer from the bondage of sin.

The true spirit of the doctrine taught by the prophets and recorded in the Old Testament and that enunciated by the apostles as we find it in the New are united together,

each and both resting upon the same foundation. Two walls brought together at right angles, being fixed upon one base, are made each to contribute to the strength of the other. We may feel that we are an insignificant part of the great handiwork of our Creator and that the completeness of his work cannot be enhanced by our efforts, but the feature of a building is here introduced with all its parts fully joined together, and however small or obscure any part may be it contributes to the strength of the structure, and this is figured as growing into a holy temple for a habitation of God.

The belief that God does indeed exist must of necessity be the underlying conviction of the soul that believes at all. This is the root principle from which all faith grows, the basic truth upon which all true belief rests. From it may develop such strong conviction of the goodness of God that nothing can shake it; such abiding faith in his watchful providence that faith may almost be said to have passed into knowledge. But even if one should have only this foundation principle in his soul—this belief that God is and that he rewards those that seek him—let such an one take courage and be glad that upon such a foundation the strongest, most confident faith may be reared. Christianity has the promise not only of the life that now is but also of that which is to come.

When those whom we love pass onward into the higher life beyond, no thought can be more precious to us than that of the city of the sure foundations "whose builder and maker is God." This faith in immortality and in the love immortal which makes immortality worth having is one of the special gifts of Christianity to the world. Antiquity knew nothing of it. We who do know it and understand its reasonableness and are sure of its truth, feeling its full harmony with right reason and with divine love, should prize it as one of the sure witnesses of the truth of Christian faith. This vision

of the city of God, "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," is one of the strongest incentives toward purity and righteousness of life and thought; and we, too, may fit ourselves for citizenship in such a city and share the companionship of those who have there entered into the enjoyment of the "life that is life indeed."

[August 14.]

It is God who worketh in you both to will and to work for his good pleasure. Do all things without murmurings and questionings: that ye may become blameless and harmless children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom ye are seen as lights in the world holding forth the word of life; that I may have whereof to glory in the day of Christ that I did not run in vain neither labor in vain.—*Philippians ii. 13-16.*

THE earliest Hebrew conception of God of which we have any record was a being dreadful to contemplate, who was hostile to man. They named him El Shaddai, "the Almighty One," or Elohim, "the Dreaded One." To propitiate his favor they sacrificed the most costly and valued of their flocks and herds, and, in moments of greatest peril and fear, their children. As they became enlightened they began to put their trust in God as a saving power in times of distress and disaster. They believed him to be an invincible leader for them when they merited his favor in times of war. They attributed all their blessings to his friendliness and all their misfortunes to his displeasure. They believed fully that sickness and droughts and famine and ills of every kind were certain indications that he was angry because of some act of theirs that was contrary to his will. Their religion was one of fear and the fear of God was impressed upon the minds of all.

Following this came the more exalted idea of the righteousness of God in that he rewards the good and punishes the wicked not from caprice but because he loved and protected the good. This conception excluded the idea of fear in the minds of those who put their trust in God, for they believed that he would deliver them from all evil, be with them in trouble, and keep them in all

their ways. The Lord was nevertheless to them a mighty ruler in the heavens, a great king bestowing vengeance upon those that disobeyed his will. Having no love for their own enemies, they endowed their God with vindictive feelings such as they themselves possessed, and we find in some of the Psalms expressions indicating hatred instead of love as an attribute of Deity. Jesus brought the glorious gospel of the Fatherhood of God. God, as he represented him, is indeed a rewarder of righteousness, but he loves the unrighteous also and does not desert them. Sin brings misery, not because it incites the anger of God, but because it puts the soul out of harmony with God.

The kingdom of God is not afar off but is in the hearts of all who subject themselves to the influence of the Spirit of God within them. Like unto the leaven that in the bread leavens the whole is the Spirit of God in human society that will permeate and make divine every character that comes under its influence. Just as God's will is obeyed so will the kingdom of heaven expand in the sons of God. Whatsoever is evil in human character is alien to the character of God. God is not jealous nor given to anger, but is long-suffering and kind; asks not sacrifice but obedience; not homage but service. As the father of the prodigal ran out to meet him when, obedient to the memory of the father-love, he sought again the paternal home, so our Father receives and cherishes every one who seeks to abide with him. Nay more, the kingdom of God cometh not with observation and in some future world, but is now and here, for as he, Jesus, was one in spirit with the Father so should all become like him, "that they may all be one even as thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be in us." Not that this involved a change in God's plan, or a new order of divine relationship with the soul of man, but simply an unfolding to the consciousness of man of his true relationship to God.

[August 21.]

Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatso-

ever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things.—*Philippians iv. 8.*

LET us for the moment consider our thought upon any subject as a living, sentient messenger intent upon fulfilling the conditions we impose. Should we then so carelessly allow the unkindly criticism or shade of suspicion to cross our consciousness? Should we not rather send these valuable servants of ours freighted with whatsoever things are honest, just, and pure? "As a man thinketh so he is," is applicable not only to the passing moment, but to the world of thought and humanity about each individual. He touches and influences every soul with whom he comes in contact, and that contact extends as indefinitely as the rings on the surface of water.

"Real character is not outward conduct but quality of thinking," and to come in contact with a noble nature upon even trivial occasions turns the tide of thinking into deeper channels, and sometimes puts a soul into communion with its God. Faults have never been corrected by dwelling on them, by brooding over the inability to conquer them. But if instead virtues are assiduously cultivated for ourselves and others, the virtues will in time fill ours and others' lives so completely that the one-time faults may perish by the way.

To prayerfully and earnestly think on whatsoever is lovely in our friend or neighbor is to thrust all the opposite suggestions out of existence, as thought should be governed the same as speech. It is not enough to know a thing to be right, it is necessary to act it. It is not enough to say the kind word, but it is necessary to cultivate the consciousness of true and loving thoughts behind the speech. The necessity is upon us of always looking for the noblest traits in man, having no commerce with what is beneath our best instincts. Let us keep close to this thought, hug it to our inner being, and as the years go by we shall find our judgments clear and our forces equal to parrying every evil. "I would talk with God, I would reason with the Almighty," is what the

prophet Job exclaimed; and if in our daily excitements we would give even a few moments to the same desire, our thoughts and minds would be so filled with beautiful, happy, and exhilarating truths that the plane of our living would be lifted above the usual worries of life. Thought is the one great power of the universe, and we cannot measure the height nor fathom the depth to which well-directed thought may lead us.

The beauty of holiness is not only an experience of those who have attained great spiritual gifts but belongs to the crowd of struggling humans who long for better conditions. It is the effort in life that reflects its result on our minds and faces, and if the heart is bent on holiness, on the nearness to our divine model, we will appropriate and recognize the beauty that is born of wise and noble thoughts. Be swift to love, but slow with speech, and be true to the inmost thought that stirs thee. "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Our great central truth teaches us that the light of Christ enlightens every human soul, that the voice divine speaks to every human spirit, and that "by lowly listening each soul may hear the right word." When the right word is heard, when the voice speaks in the language of command, then faithfulness must do the rest—fidelity must lead to obedience and the divine approval will surely follow. The true teaching of our religion is not necessarily knowledge of all truth, but rather entire obedience to the measure of truth revealed to each soul by the indwelling spirit of truth.

[August 28.]

Blessed is the man who endureth temptation: for when he hath been approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord promised to them that love him.—*James i. 12.*

SHALL we then desire to be tempted? and if so why do we pray, "lead us not into temptation"? The epistle does not say "Blessed are the tempted," but "Blessed are they who endure." Temptation does not strengthen, but it tests. It does not

make a man strong, but it shows whether or no he is strong. Blessed is he who has proven strong. When the new engine is moved out from the shops, there is no thought that the trial run will strengthen weak points and flaws will be discovered so that they can be repaired. Weak places constitute much greater dangers when unknown than when known. So with ourselves. The trial trips of life, the relations of childhood, the school-days, the trials of all kinds that must needs come, show us our weak places; and the benefit of the testing lies in the opportunity to strengthen. This strengthening process is not attained by a constant straining on the weak point. Rather by careful avoidance of strain while the organic forces of life are building in the new material. And when we have learned by the testing of unavoidable temptation that there are weak points in our characters, the only real wisdom is in protecting those points. When the testing has given us knowledge, further testing is folly.

The engineer at sea does not put extra pressure on the doubtful cylinder to see if it will break. The wise man on the sea of life will not be curious as to what he can stand without breaking. It will be his to aim to relieve all weak points from strain as soon as found. Wherefore "lead us not into temptation"—test not our breaking point lest we break; but blessed is the man who having been tested has proved strong. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the seeking of temptation is the seeking of danger. When in the course of our duties temptations come they should be met bravely and with reliance on the help of the Father of all; but the meeting of unnecessary temptation is recklessness and foolhardiness.

Heed how thou livest. Do not act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good; so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

—John G. Whittier.

—Arranged by Ellen Teas.

CLOSE TO NATURE'S HEART.

BY NORA A. PIPER.

THE world is all a trembling melody
Of light and sound and sense to-day. The bee
Crooning more lazily the passing hour
With folded wings hangs dreaming on a flower.
Illusive as a half-guessed memory
A bird note wanders from some nesting tree.
See! Every leaf is poised as for flight,
And dances in a whirl of elfin light
To music quaint and dreamy, and so airy
We think it but the tripping of a fairy,
And hold our breath, and shade our eyes to see
Her witching face, but all in vain. Ah me!
To see the long-stemmed grasses bending low
At every breeze, or cloudlets floating slow;
Only to feel the peace in nature's breast—
The fulness of her peace, 'tis perfect rest.

WOMEN IN THE MINISTRY.

BY THE REV. ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

IT is impossible, with the limited data obtainable, to make an exact statement of the number of women ministers or the value of their services. Judging from the rapid increase of the past ten years it is safe to say that the dawn of the twentieth century will see not less than two thousand women preaching the gospel in the United States.

The United Brethren claim the honor of having ordained the first woman in the Christian ministry, Rev. Lydia Sexton, in 1851, who continued in active service until about 1890. It is, however, usually accepted that the first woman to receive ordination was Antoinette Brown, who was graduated in the theological department of Oberlin in 1850, but was refused a license to preach. She did preach wherever she could find an opportunity, without regard to sect, until 1853, when she was ordained by a council of Congregational ministers in Wayne County, N. Y. From the best information that can be obtained there are at present about thirty ordained women ministers in the Congre-



EDITH HILL BOOKER.
Pastor of First Baptist Church, Pittsburg, Kan.

gational denomination, prominent among them Rev. Annis Ford Eastman, associate pastor with Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, in Elmira, N. Y.

The regular Baptist Church has but three ordained women: Mary C. Jones, state of Washington, 1882; Frances E. Townsley, Nebraska, 1885; Edith Hill Booker, Kansas, 1894. Women are discouraged from entering the ministry in this denomination. Miss Townsley was ordained after twelve years of successful work as an evangelist. She supplied three pastorates in Nebraska, then resumed evangelistic work, but has filled a number of Baptist pulpits for months at a time. Her last charge was the Covenant Church of Chicago.

Mrs. Booker, then Miss Hill, spent three years as pastor of the First Baptist Church at Pittsburg, Kan., services being held in the Opera House until 1897, when an \$8,000 church was dedicated. She has immersed one hundred and seventy men and women.

The Free Will Baptists have seventeen



ANNIS FORD EASTMAN.
Associate Pastor of Congregational Church, Elmira, N. Y.
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ordained and nine licensed women ministers. Women have preached in this denomination since early in the century, Clarissa H. Danforth being licensed about 1815. The first to be ordained was Anna Bartlett, in 1886, now pastor at Paw Paw, Mich. Ellen C. Copp, one of the ablest Baptist min-

or particular prejudice against their ordination.

The Presbyterian Church refuses to ordain women, and a clause in the "blue book" prohibits ministers of that denomination from inviting women into their pulpits, but this rule is constantly and wisely



ANNA HOWARD SHAW.
Of the Methodist Protestant Church.

isters, is principal of Hillsdale College and frequently occupies the pulpit of the college church, her services being especially acceptable to the students.

Careful inquiry has ascertained that only five or six women have been ordained in the Christian Church, although there is no law

violated. The recent graduation of Miss Grace Briggs at the head of her class in Union Theological Seminary and the fact of fourteen other women now studying in that institution indicate the revoking of this order at a future day.

Several women have been ordained by the

Methodist Protestant Church and the General Conference of 1896 voted to admit women as lay delegates on equal terms with men. Anna H. Shaw, a graduate of the theological department of Boston University, having been a local preacher for eight years, and being refused ordination by the New England Methodist Episcopal Conference, applied to the Methodist Protestant Church and was ordained in Tarrytown, N. Y., October, 1880.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has never ordained women, but it licensed them until 1880, when this was prohibited by the General Conference. It still gladly

avails itself of their services as evangelists and missionaries, some of the ablest and most effective of these being found in this denomination. It is perhaps invidious to select any one for special mention, but Elizabeth W. Greenwood, world's and national evangelistic superintendent of the W. C. T. U., may be said to stand among the foremost. She has given nearly thirty years to religious work, has spoken from the pulpits in every large city in the United States, and also in many factories, jails, asylums, and saloons. There are several hundred women evangelists doing a work which is not surpassed by that of the pulpits, and which is indisputable proof that they are God-ordained even though refused ordination by man. A large part of the missionary work, home and foreign, of all the churches is in the hands of women.

It is difficult to understand the attitude of a denomination which will refuse to ordain the inspired women whose evangelistic work has brought thousands into a religious life, and yet which gladly ordains every young stripling of a boy fresh from the theological

seminary. Frances E. Willard always longed to be ordained and would have been one of the most brilliant and convincing preachers of all history. Although unmistakably destined by God as a great spiritual leader she was never authorized by man to fulfil this mission, and was not considered worthy even to sit in the high councils of the church she had chosen.



ELIZABETH W. GREENWOOD.
Evangelist in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Universalist denomination has never refused to ordain women, and was the first to open its theological department to them. The register for 1898 shows fifty ordained and nine licensed women ministers. The first to receive ordination was Olympia Brown, in June, 1863, and the first time she performed the marriage ceremony the question of its legality was carried to the Massachusetts legislature. She was in charge of the church at Weymouth six years and at Bridgeport, Conn., six. After nine years of efficient service at Racine, Wis., she retired from active duty as a minister.

Augusta J. Chapin is the only woman ever honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity, although not the only one who has earned and deserved it. She began preaching in 1859 and was ordained by the Universalist Church at Lansing, Mich., in De-

ember, 1863. She is a graduate of Lombard and Michigan Universities. In 1893 Lombard, in recognition of her work and merits, conferred upon her the honorary degree, "D. D." She has held a number of pastorates and has been lecturer on art and literature in several colleges and in the extension course of The University of Chicago. She was chairman of the Woman's General Committee of Religious Congresses during the World's Fair.

Another of the Universalist ministers of early days is Amanda H. Deyo, ordained in 1866. The work in which she is best known is in connection with the Peace and Arbitration Societies. She was a delegate to the International Peace Congress at Paris in 1889.

Phebe A. Hanaford, born a Quaker, was persuaded by Miss Brown to enter the ministry and was ordained at Hingham, Mass., in 1868. She filled a number of pastorates and served as chaplain in the Connecticut legislature.

Among the younger generation of Universalist ministers Rev. Florence Kollock-Crooker holds a conspicuous place. She was ordained in 1876 and her ministry in Chicago covered a period of fourteen years. She organized and built

up two flourishing churches, the Stewart Avenue being the largest of that denomination in the city. In 1885 she estab-

lished a strong church at Pasadena. She is now settled at Troy, N. Y.

The Unitarian Church has freely ordained

women, and as a result there is a strong and efficient corps of woman ministers in that denomination. The year book for 1898 gives twenty-eight regularly ordained. One of the most widely known, and the oldest in point of service, is Mary Augusta Safford, who took her first charge in 1878 and was ordained in 1880. She assumed the pastorate of the Unitarian Society just organized at

Sioux City, Ia., in 1885, and has been its pastor thirteen years. During this time the church has raised and expended over \$75,000 and is now one of the most flourishing in that denomination. The Sunday-school numbers

over two hundred, and among the other active organizations in the church are the Unity Club, the Religious Study Class, Unity Circle, and Helping Hand Club. Miss Safford is president of the Iowa Unitarian Conference. For many years Elinor Gordon was associated with her in church work, but now has her own pastorate in Iowa City.

The People's Church at Kalamazoo, Mich., is widely known. Its pastor, Caroline Bartlett Crane, was or-

daind in 1889 and at once took charge of this church. In 1894 the congregation moved into a \$35,000 building, free from



AUGUSTA J. CHAPIN.
Of the Universalist Church.



MARY A. SAFFORD.
Pastor of the Unitarian Society, Sioux City, Ia.

debt. The People's Church fellowships men and women of all religious beliefs, is open every day, and holds twenty-seven meetings a week. It supports a free kindergarten, gymnasium, school of manual training, and school of household science.

Ida C. Hultin, ordained in 1886, has been in the pulpit eighteen years, the last six in her present pastorate at Moline, Ill. She is in constant demand as a lecturer. For two summers she held Sunday services on Boston Common, under the auspices of the Unitarian Society of that city. At the

S. D., and for some time was assistant pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Oakland, Cal.

Notwithstanding women pastors have demonstrated their fitness for the work, most churches which avail themselves of their services are not quite ready to accept them on the same grounds as men. There is still a sensitiveness on the part of these denominations that the admission of women ministers is a tacit acknowledgment of weakness. The prejudice of the past and the conservatism of the present hinder



CAROLINE BARTLETT CRANE.
Pastor of People's Church, Kalamazoo, Mich.

last Western Unitarian Conference she preached the conference sermon.

Unity Church, Cleveland, is prospering under the services of Marion Murdoch and Florence Buck, both university graduates and students at Oxford, England. Their church is deservedly popular and conducts a loan library, kindergarten, sewing school, mothers' meetings, boys' clubs, and various classes for study and work.

Eliza Tupper Wilkes was ordained in May, 1871. She founded churches at Colorado Springs, Col., and at Sioux Falls,

them from receiving the same open, generous welcome which is extended to men. This reacts upon the women themselves and they are conscious of an unexpressed, and it may be unacknowledged, antagonism. This restrains the freedom of their thoughts, expressions, and actions, necessarily cripples their powers, and prevents their giving the best service of which they are capable. Until women are received with the same cordial welcome as men, have the same representation on official boards, are accorded the same rights in the



FLORENCE BUCK.
Pastor of Unity Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

ministerial office, and are as heartily urged and assisted to enter it, there can be no fair comparison between their work and that of men pastors.

The Salvation Army and the American Volunteers, with Emma Booth-Tucker and Maud Ballington-Booth, in joint command with their husbands, present the best field at this time for comparing the services of men and women in the regeneration of humanity. It is generally conceded that women make quite as efficient officers and in many instances much more desirable soldiers. Their immense influence in this department of religious labor lies in the fact that from its inception they were received on entirely equal terms. Their ability to govern and lead their forces is freely recognized and they are considered a source of great power to the army. This is to be expected in an organization in which muscular strength is not the highest law. In the realm of eternal right, the governing forces are love and justice. Woman's power to love has never been deemed

second to man's; and that her sense of justice is equally as great will be demonstrated when she is allowed the full and free development of all her faculties.

That women preachers do not weaken the power of a church, especially over men, is clearly illustrated by the Society of Friends. No denomination is more strict in matters of discipline, absolute equality always has been granted to women, and the society is noted for its women preachers, about three hundred and fifty being now enrolled; yet a larger proportion of men attend its services than those of any other Protestant body.

It is assumed that fewer men go to church where women are pastors, but from my own observation and from careful inquiry I can assert that the reverse is true. This would be even more marked if the churches universally would open their pulpits to women, so that neither the preacher nor the men attending her services would be conspicuous. Since the office of minister is no longer that of

school-master, and he is not so much a propounder of theological dogmas as a persuader of mankind toward a life of purity and righteousness, woman seems particularly adapted to the ministry. Her superior persuasive powers render her especially effective in leading men to higher thoughts and purer lives.

Men, wearied with the turmoil of life, harassed by the rush and clamor of the market-place, attend religious services to be soothed and comforted, fed on holy thoughts, and encouraged by the inspiration of a diviner life. They seek to be shown that they are not mere human machines, but carry in themselves a spark of the divine which may be kindled into a sacred flame. Who so well as woman can bring rest to these tired hearts, peace to these sinful souls, and at the same time arouse the moral and spiritual nature to noble action? When the woman minister is untrammelled and allowed the fullest use of her highest powers she will be most successful in drawing men into the church. The few men present in the congregations of our large churches to-day where male preachers of unquestioned ability have officiated for years, demonstrate beyond question that women preachers could not make matters any worse in this direction. The logical mind is forced to conclude that a change of some kind is an imperative necessity.

The great proportion of church members at present are women and an important part of the minister's duty lies in pastoral calls, usually made at the homes. It will be admitted that women can enter more fully into sympathy with their own sex than can any man, no matter how tender-hearted. The relation of pastor to child-life also makes this position peculiarly adapted to woman, who intuitively comprehends the nature and needs of children more fully than is possible for man. That it is natural for women to devote themselves to the spiritual teaching and training of children is proved by the fact that Sunday-school work is almost entirely in their hands, and for generations they have rendered most valuable and wholly gratuitous services.

Many young women come to me for counsel in regard to entering the ministry as a life work, but I am unable to encourage them, because I know how unwelcome they will be to the orthodox churches and how difficult every step of the way will be made. Men find it hard to contend with "the world, the flesh, and the devil," and it is asking too much of women to add to these the church also. I think, however, it would be as undesirable to have only women ministers as it is now to have only men in that position. The church needs the two, and both can do better work together than either can do alone.



MARION MURDOCH,
Pastor of Unity Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

It is commonly observed that the parishes over which women preside are like a large family in their oneness of interests and the harmony of their meetings. It is said of one city where for many years a woman has been minister that the young men of her congregation can be distinguished anywhere on the street or in society by their beautiful deference to women. To listen to the teaching of one who leads a high spiritual life tends to inspire a respect and reverence for the teacher; and where men are accustomed to this week after week from a woman, it cannot fail to create in them a respect and reverence for all womankind.

I realize how impossible it is to predict, with any degree of accuracy, what will be the ultimate result of women's ministerial work. Their power in the pulpit and their especial fitness for the pastorate will be developed and shown in proportion as the church makes them free. So long as they are permitted to officiate only in small and poor parishes; so long as many denominations continue to oppose their preaching as contrary to the Scriptures and antagonistic

duties," the spiritual advance of the kingdom of Christ will be hindered and delayed.

It will require many years of loyal and unflagging service in barren and untried fields before women will be able to prove to cold and skeptical denominations their capabilities for the ministry. Not only will they have to do the work fully as well as men, but they will be compelled to prove themselves superior before just recognition will be accorded them. They have had to



EMMA M. BOOTH-TUCKER.
Consul of the Salvation Army.

to the best interests of the church; and so long as both internal and external influences combine to limit and dwarf to its greatest possible insignificance all that women do in this office—just so long will their real value as pastor and preacher remain unknown. In exact proportion as the church limits the usefulness of its women along the lines of its own spiritual development and misdirects them into so-called "domestic

stand this crucial test in every other department of the world's work, and the church will prove no exception to the rule. The last of the learned professions to accord to women equal opportunities with men will be the ministry; and yet the church is founded upon the sublime declaration, "God is no respecter of persons," and, "There is neither male or female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus the Lord."

THE MISTAKE OF HIS LIFE.
AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ROMANCE.

BY ELSEY HAY.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "LADY LECTURER."

ALTHOUGH Diana had boasted of the size of her audiences, neither Max nor Phil was prepared to see such a throng as they found assembled to greet her on the following evening. The room had been enlarged several times since Diana had held her first modest gatherings there and was now capable of seating nearly a thousand people. It was filled till not even standing room was left, and yet perfect order prevailed, the workmen themselves acting as police, ushers, and doorkeepers. The orchestra was out in full force, too, and as soon as Diana appeared in the doorway struck up "Hail Columbia" with such an honest good will that Trevethick could not find it in his heart to laugh.

When the orchestra had subsided, Diana stepped forward and began to speak. She had mingled with these people so long that she felt no embarrassment in coming before them, and when her first feeling of trepidation at having her husband for an auditor had passed away she proceeded with all the ease of a professional lecturer. The secret agitation caused by the presence of the man she loved lent a color to her cheek and a fire to her eye that made her, for the moment, look almost handsome, and as she advanced to the front of the stage with the unaffected grace that accompanies freedom from self-consciousness and bowed gracefully in response to the storm of applause that greeted her, Max felt again that vague sense of dissatisfaction with himself which always came over him whenever he allowed reason and not passion to control him in judging of his wife's actions. In spite of the annoyance he felt in seeing the woman who bore his name—for this much he felt, with an inward protest, he could not deny her—about to occupy the position of a

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public lecturer, he could not suppress a conviction that whatever she said would be well said, and when the rude audience broke into enthusiastic cheers as she appeared before them he hardly knew whether to feel resentment or gratification.

She spoke first of the wrongs of the working man against himself. Chief among these she named drunkenness and the practice of reckless and ill-considered marriage, dwelling upon the influence of heredity and the criminality of indulging in passions and vices that must be visited upon their offspring through generations of misery and degradation.

Then she spoke of the wrongs of society against the poor, such as discriminating tariffs, the tyranny of trusts and monopolies, the unequal distribution of wealth, and the unjust appropriation by individuals of the land that God has given as a free inheritance to all. She insisted upon the inherent right of every human being to the opportunity to labor and to a fair share of the product of that labor; she dwelt upon the universal brotherhood of man, and the mission of civilization to replace by combination and cooperation the selfish struggle for existence of savage life. Finally she pictured organized society under the figure of a living body, in which the good of each member is dependent upon that of the whole, and reciprocally the good of the whole is dependent upon the health of the several members. And as that individual is the happiest and freest and strongest of all whose members are kept in a sound and healthy condition, so that community will always be the happiest and freest and strongest whose individual members are kept in a state of moral and material well-being.

When Diana had finished speaking Max awakened with something like a shock from the state of spellbound interest with which

he had been listening to her every word. This impression, however, was immediately followed by a revulsion of feeling that made him almost angry with himself for having given way to it. Still the conventionalities must be observed, and when Diana, after gracefully acknowledging the applause her eloquence had called forth, began modestly to descend from the platform, Max, who occupied a front seat with his guests, felt that he could not have the grace to step forward and assist her. She accepted the courtesy as a matter of course, but dropped his hand immediately upon reaching the floor and followed him in silence to the aisle where Phil and Etta stood waiting for them. The latter, who had been half asleep during the lecture, roused herself at the end with a little flutter of relief, like that which passes over a congregation at the close of a long sermon, and tried to do the proper thing by saying to Diana, in a perfunctory way, that her lecture was "very fine." Phil rallied her a little on her Jacobinical utterances, and then, after shaking hands with some of Diana's more ardent admirers among the miners and their wives, they were about to turn and make their way to the door when a very large woman in a very big hat with a plume like a feather duster on top was seen making straight for them across the hall. Diana recognized the newcomer as Mrs. McDade, wife of the manager of the Fog Creek blast furnace, with whom she had exchanged one or two perfunctory calls and who prided herself upon holding "advanced opinions." She was fond of patronizing the poor in an ostentatious sort of way and occasionally encouraged Diana's Saturday evenings with her presence. If there was one person whom Max thoroughly detested, it was this woman, whose aggressive personality grated upon him like the screaming of a buzz-saw. It did not, therefore, tend to propitiate his feelings toward his wife when Mrs. McDade rushed up to him in the most effusive manner exclaiming, "Oh, Mr. Brevard, how proud you must be of your wife! What a grand and beautiful thing it is to hear such words of wisdom from the lips of a woman!"

Poor Diana. Nothing could have happened more untoward for her than to have such an advocate. Max's latent irritation was raised to the boiling point by this unlucky speech, and he answered with a covert sarcasm that Diana understood only too well:

"It is indeed a gratification to know that my wife meets with your approval, Mrs. McDade; why don't you take to the platform yourself? I think it a position that would become you admirably."

His words were really inspired more by irritation against Mrs. McDade than against his wife, but they cut Diana to the quick. Fortunately, Mrs. McDade had no opportunity to reply to the ambiguous compliment; in the pressure of the throng that was crowding down the aisle the party became separated, Max and Diana were forced together in the crush, so that he could not well do otherwise than offer his arm and follow the others toward the door. They proceeded a few steps in silence, and then Diana said in a low voice:

"I am sorry that you don't seem to approve of what I have done to-night. You made no objection when I told of my purpose at dinner yesterday, and I did not know until I heard your remark to Mrs. McDade just now that such a step would meet with your disapproval, or rest assured, I would not be here."

"You are free to pursue your own course without regard to me," he answered coldly. "I have neither the right nor the desire to influence your actions and you are in no way amenable to my opinion."

The tears started to her eyes in spite of all that she could do, but she forced them bravely back and replied with quiet dignity:

"It was not that I supposed my acts, as such, could be of any interest to you, but since the world regards me as your wife, I would not, for the sake of appearances if nothing else, do anything of which I knew that you seriously disapproved."

Her words were gentle and womanly, yet the unconscious reminder they conveyed that, do what he would, there still existed a common tie between them, angered him and embittered his reply.

"'Seriously disapprove' is too strong an expression to apply to a mere difference of taste," he answered, without even looking toward her. "For while I confess that I have never greatly admired the 'lady lecturer,' still, that is, after all, a mere matter of taste, and it cannot be of the slightest consequence to you what qualities I admire in a woman."

"No, not of the slightest," she answered haughtily, goaded at last into open defiance, and withdrawing her hand from his arm she walked on in silence and stepped into the carriage without his aid.

The drive was not a hilarious one. Max and Phil did most of the talking. Etta said she was sleepy, and Diana pleaded fatigue as an excuse for retiring to her own room as soon as she had reached home, but Max noticed, as she passed him in the doorway, that her eyes were red with weeping and her bosom heaved so violently that she could scarcely repress her sobs.

And Max, too, had his bad quarter of an hour that night. Somehow those tearful eyes haunted him and would not let him rest. He had seen more of his wife in the last two days than in all the rest of their married life put together, and the experience did not tend to make him better satisfied with himself. She had challenged his respect, nay, his admiration, in every particular; she had conducted herself with perfect dignity and grace under the most trying circumstances that ever a woman was placed in; yes, he was forced to admit it, under the most unworthy treatment. She had been tried in every way, and in nothing had she been found wanting. Even that public lecture which had so angered him; what right had he to object to it after all? Were not her words altogether wise and noble and true, and could anything but good come of them? Now that he came to think of it, the wonderful improvement that he had noticed in the men since he first took charge of the mines was clearly traceable to her influence; yes, she had done nothing but what was wise and good and womanly; he could impute no fault to her except that she was his wife.

"I am a beast," he muttered as he stretched himself sullenly on his bed.

CHAPTER X.

DIANA CORNERS THE STOCK MARKET.

ON the following Tuesday after the lecture Max came home in the evening later than usual, looking anxious and preoccupied. Diana was not slow to guess what was the matter, and her conjecture was immediately confirmed by Max, who drew from his pocket one of the yellow envelopes of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and handed it to Phil, remarking as he did so,

"Well, the game is up; to-morrow it will be my pleasant duty to inform nine hundred ill-paid men that they are to be robbed of twelve and a half per cent of their starveling wages and then do my best to enforce the unjust decree."

Phil ran his eye over the telegram. "And you think the men won't submit?" he asked, dropping the paper on the table.

"Not without a struggle, but of course they'll have to give up in the end. If we have to import new hands I'll defend them to the last extremity."

Max's noble nature had not yet freed itself sufficiently from the trammels of caste in which he had been reared to enable him to see the inconsistency of the course he was pursuing. While his native instincts and impulses all pointed to the right as straight as the needle to the north, the influence of the military traditions in which he had been steeped from childhood was so strong that he could still feel himself, with the blind obedience of the soldier, bound in honor to do his utmost to enforce a decree that he detested.

He glanced at Diana as he spoke, and saw an expression of pain flit across her features. The sight of that patient, troubled face did not tend to make him feel better satisfied with the part he had to play, for he had that day made a discovery which threw a new light on his relations with Diana. In the course of his investigations it had leaked out that she was the owner of the lump of stock that had supported him so loyally, and it was to her aid that the success of his

management had been due. His first feeling was one of anger that she should thus have placed him under obligations to her without his knowledge or consent; then came that twinge of self-accusation and self-reproach that had so often stung him of late whenever he thought of Diana—not vague and undefined now, but in a great wave of humiliation and remorse. At the same time he felt that it would be intolerable to continue the recipient of her benefaction, and it was a kind of relief to him to know that her good offices had been rendered abortive. But she must be kept from repeating the experiment, which could only result in pecuniary loss to herself. He would warn her and keep her from throwing away her money; he owed her that much, at least, in return for what she had already sacrificed on his account, and by treating the matter as a hard, cold business transaction, he would rid himself of the embarrassment that a direct repudiation of her generous devotion would have cost him. He watched his opportunity, and seeing her leave the room a moment just before dinner was announced, followed and overtook her in the hall as she stopped to remove some drooping flowers from one of the vases and replace them from a tray of fresh ones that had been brought in for that purpose.

"Do you know," he said, addressing her in a cold, business-like tone, as if referring to a mere matter of dollars and cents, "that you have lost over thirty per cent by your investment in Yarico stocks?"

She looked up with a start of surprise, and there was something in her face that made him feel how cruel it was to act as though he saw nothing more than an ordinary business transaction in her purchase of Yarico stock. He knew that the pained expression which came over her features had nothing to do with considerations of profit and loss, and for the first time in his life it awakened something of a responsive feeling in his own heart. The accusing spirit seemed to rise up within him again and whisper that the least he could do, as a gentleman and man of honor, was to go down on his knees before her in an agony of con-

trition and repentance. And yet he felt that any apology without reparation would be but an added insult; and reparation—he was not ready for that yet.

"I hope you will not suppose," he went on, without changing his tone, "that I would wish to interfere in any way with your business arrangements, but since accident has made me acquainted with these purchases of yours, I feel that it is only fair to warn you that Yarico is a very unsafe stock to meddle with at present; it is certain to go down to thirty cents on the dollar or even lower, and any investment made in it at this time will be sure to entail upon the purchaser heavy losses."

"Thank you for your advice," she answered, bending over the flowers with which she was pretending to busy herself until her face was almost hidden by them, and speaking in a tone so cold that Max began to wonder if he had achieved his wish at last and taught her to hate him.

She waited without raising her eyes until he had gone, then went straight to her own room, penciled a telegram to her agent in Chattanooga, and sent it to the village with orders that it be despatched immediately. That he should credit her, after all, with caring only for gain! with being a common gambler, making her dice of the wants and misery of her fellow creatures! it was too much. He should see whether gain was her object, and, whether he cared about it or not, she had chosen her course and meant to pursue it to the end.

Next morning while Diana and the two men were at breakfast—Etta never came down till an hour or two later; she had to lie in bed to rest her nerves, she said—a messenger came up from the village with a telegram addressed to Mr. Brevard. Max seemed a little puzzled at first, as he glanced at the contents, then handed the paper over to Diana, saying,

"This must be meant for you; the operator has made a mistake in the address."

Diana ran her eye over the message, and read: "Yaricos falling every day; better delay purchases awhile. Instruct."

"What a business woman you are, Di-

ana," said Phil, as he poured the cream over his porridge, "to be getting telegrams before breakfast. I hope you haven't been called off to preside over the deliberations of a socialist reform club or an anti-capitalist convention."

"No, no, quite the contrary," said Diana, laying the paper on the table before him. "I have taken to gambling in stocks, you see, and am so greedy to make money that as soon as I heard last night what a promising field Yarico was likely to offer, I telegraphed my agent to buy up every dollar of it in the market."

She spoke in a strained, unnatural voice that threatened at every word to break down in a sob. Max understood her only too well, but Phil, who knew nothing about the real drift of affairs, could see in this transaction only a comic illustration of the average woman's incapacity for business.

"Well, Di, it is fortunate that your agent has some sense, if you have none," he said with a laugh, as he ran his eye over the telegram. "Don't you know that every dollar you put into Yarico now is likely to prove a dead loss?"

"It will not be lost if it helps to get justice for those poor men down in the mines," she answered, resuming her natural tone, and warming up with emotion as she touched a theme so near to her heart. "Every share of the stock that comes into my hands is a vote against those greedy directors, and I will spend the last dollar I possess, but their power shall be broken, and their rightful earnings restored to the men they are trying to rob."

Phil smiled as one smiles at the vagaries of a harmless lunatic. "Your intentions are better than your judgment, Di," he said. "You are only throwing away your own substance."

"But it is not mine," answered Diana emphatically; "that is the trouble; it is not mine. I never worked for a dollar of it, so how can it honestly be mine? Somebody must have earned it, it belongs of right to somebody, but not to me. I never did a stroke of useful work in all my life; by what right, then, can I lay claim to millions while people

who have known nothing but toil and privation all their days have hardly enough to keep body and soul together? Who knows but all these riches that you call mine were plundered long ago from the labor of others, just as somebody is now exploiting those poor Yarico miners?"

Phil stared at her a moment in silence, then turning from her as one too crazy to be reasoned with, addressed himself to her husband.

"Max," he said, in a tone of serious remonstrance, "are you going to stand by and let your wife make ducks and drakes of her money in that way, or are you as crazy as she is?"

Max's quick eye, aided by his thorough knowledge of the business aspects of the situation, had detected an element of wisdom in Diana's plan that would naturally escape the attention of one less familiar with the inner workings of the company's affairs, and he was glad to be able to cover his indifference to her transactions by showing that interference was unnecessary.

"Her scheme isn't so crazy at bottom as you seem to think," he answered, with a light laugh; "she is only a little wild in her method of carrying it out."

To hear Max take her part, however feebly, so astonished Diana that she almost started out of her seat, but before she could say anything Phil went on:

"Why, Max, don't you see that in buying this stock she will be playing right into the hands of the rascals that have thrown it on the market, and every dollar she loses will go into their pockets?"

"That depends," said Max, with a shrug of his shoulders. "I happen to know enough about the earning capacity of the property to venture the statement that if she waits until the stock shall have fallen to thirty or forty cents on the dollar it will then be a good paying investment."

"That alters the case," said Phil, turning to Diana, "and I offer you my humble apologies; you are not half so crazy, after all, as I thought."

"Oh, but you are talking as if there were nothing but stocks and bonds to consider,"

cried Diana excitedly, "when the life blood of men and women is at stake."

"We are coming to that point presently," said Max, "if you will just have a little patience with our plodding masculine way of doing things. It is true, we are looking at the matter from a vulgar business point of view, but I think you will hardly deny that even the loftiest philanthropy will be the gainer for having a little sound business judgment behind it."

He spoke with an ease and self-possession unusual in his intercourse with her. Since the matter now under consideration had no reference to him individually he could discuss it without embarrassment, and he even took a certain satisfaction in thinking that by helping her to the accomplishment of her noble purpose he was making some atonement for his shortcomings in other respects. Moreover, he was, at bottom, thoroughly in sympathy with the object she had in view, and soon became so interested in his desire to forward it that he almost forgot through whose agency the work was to be accomplished.

"As I understand it," continued Max, still directing himself to Diana, "your idea is to buy a controlling interest in the stock and then force the directors to restore the men's wages—at least," he added emphatically, "without a controlling interest it will be worse than useless to try to do anything, don't you see?"

"Yes, yes, I understand," she answered, leaning forward and listening eagerly, her deep interest in the subject causing her to forget, for the moment, like Max himself, all personal considerations.

"And of course you must see, also, that Phil's objections are perfectly reasonable, if you should persist in making your purchases now while the stock is still falling," Max went on with increased earnestness. "In that case you would not only pay more than it is worth, but help, by the demand thus created, to give it a fictitious value, while by waiting till the new issue, which will nearly double the liabilities of the company, has had time to work its full effect in depreciating the market, you will probably

be able to get the whole of it, if you choose, for a hundred thousand dollars or less. This will give you absolute control, and while the transaction cannot be effected in time to prevent the present reduction, it is the best way to accomplish your purpose in the end. And I know enough about the value of the property to feel warranted in assuring you that under good management it is amply able to pay reasonable dividends on any honest capitalization without stinting the wages of the employees."

"Then I'll telegraph Mr. Colton at once," said Diana, pushing back her chair, "to wait for further instructions."

"Yes," answered Max, taking the telegram just received from the table and scribbling on the back of it, "something like this:

"Wait till stocks fall below thirty-five cents, then wire for instructions."

"Well, that is a combination of business and philanthropy that I call truly edifying," said Phil with a laugh, as Diana caught up the paper and hurried out to send her despatch.

"It's sound business, and sound philanthropy too," said Max rising, and leading the way to the library.

He was so full of this new project that his heart forgot to give its accustomed bound as he encountered Etta at the foot of the stair, fresh from her morning toilet, looking as lovely as the roses in her bosom, and he even greeted her with such a preoccupied air that she rallied him upon his want of gallantry.

Lord Aberfoyle was right. Max had been in love with a figment of his own imagination, an ideal made up of Etta's beauty decked out in all Diana's charms of mind and character. And now, as a result of the comparison that the last few days had forced upon him by placing both originals bodily before his eyes, he was unconsciously dissecting his ideal and restoring to each model the attributes properly belonging to it. To which half of the idol his heart would ultimately yield its allegiance was a problem that was now gradually working out its own solution.

CHAPTER XI.

DISENCHANTMENT.

A TIME of unrest and excitement followed the events detailed in the last chapter. The miners did not strike at once upon hearing of the projected cut in their wages, but the air was full of threats and mutterings. Meetings were held nightly, at which letters of sympathy were read from labor unions all over the country and much florid rhetoric was indulged in. As is usual on such occasions, the "mountain tiger" was rampant; drunkenness crept in where sober counsels should have prevailed, and too often the meetings broke up in a row without accomplishing anything.

The councils of the miners seemed to be divided into two factions: one, led by Kid Harper, a burly ruffian whom Max had discharged a short while before for "bootlegging," was for striking at once, and assumed an attitude of open defiance toward the officers of the company. Kid was not a native product but a choice importation from the city slums, who had been attracted to Yarico by the advantages it offered for preying upon the ignorance and vices of a rude population. Since his discharge he had been running a "blind tiger" where the rougher element of the population was fond of congregating, and as Max was a sworn enemy to all such traffic, Kid, on the principle that

A thief ne'er felt the halter draw

With good opinion of the law,

was a sworn enemy to Max.

The other and more influential party counseled moderation, and urged delay, at least until they had exhausted the good offices of the superintendent, whose uniform justice and fairness toward them entitled him to their confidence. The fact that the officers' pay, including his own, had been cut along with theirs gave Max a strong hold on the men, and this was greatly reinforced by the prospect Diana's action enabled him to offer that their wages would, ere long, be restored.

He had so uniformly shown himself their friend in every reasonable claim advanced by them, and had bettered their condition

in so many ways, that his influence would easily have carried the day but for the unfortunate circumstance that Max was a constitutional aristocrat; not a conscious and premeditated one, removed by pride and selfishness from sympathy with the common people, but an aristocrat, nevertheless, by temperament, as well as by birth and environment; by the superb development, physical and mental, of all those finer qualities that set a man above his fellows and oppress them with a sense of inferiority. With a heart full of generous sympathy for his less fortunate fellow creatures and an honest desire to do them justice, he did not know how to come down from the pedestal upon which nature and education had combined to place him; he could not beat down by any effort of the will that invisible barrier which mere difference of condition raises between a man and his fellow men. Do what he would, he could not get near enough to them to inspire that sense of comradeship which is necessary to win the full confidence of the common people—of any people.

Diana, with her more intimate knowledge of American character and her wide personal acquaintance with the miners and their families, might have exerted a salutary influence if she had not been kept at home by the presence of her guests. Etta didn't like to visit among the poor—she was so tender-hearted, Phil said, that she couldn't bear the sight of so much suffering—and so Diana had found it necessary to discontinue her rounds in the village during the week they spent with her. She kept as well informed of what was going on as she could, however, and from the amount of drunkenness she heard of among the men it was clear that "mountain dew" was flowing as freely as ever. She began to suspect that her friends in Job's Cut were playing her false. She had remarked, too, with some concern, that no messenger had been sent to receive the first installment of the stipulated bounty, and this could mean nothing else than that they either distrusted her or had found it more profitable not to abide by their agreement.

The week set apart by Phil and Etta for their visit to Olequa was soon past, and though the former would gladly have extended it to two, his wife, to whom the country was always a bore, could not be induced to remain a day longer. Somehow the prospect of being left alone again filled both Max and Diana with a feeling of nervousness scarcely less disquieting than the apprehension with which they had looked forward to the arrival of their guests. For Diana, merely to live and breathe in Max's presence was a privilege cheaply purchased by any amount of pain, and now that the first feeling of constraint had been overcome, and daily contact had accustomed them to regarding each other's presence as a matter of course, it seemed, even to Max, that there would be more of awkwardness in going back to the old life of mutual exclusion and avoidance than they had experienced in keeping up appearances before their guests.

It was on the evening of the day preceding their departure that he first began to ask himself seriously if a change back to the old domestic arrangements between himself and Diana were necessary, and he shrank from the memory of that isolated, solitary existence with something like a shudder. He was harassed with business cares and anxieties; he felt as he had never done before the need of sympathy and intelligent companionship, and more than once he unconsciously turned his eyes with a look of pensive sadness toward the corner where Phil and Diana sat playing a game of cribbage. Then, with a forced smile, he gave his attention to Etta, who had been left on his hands for entertainment, and tried to talk with her, but somehow Etta's beautiful but vapid personality had begun to pall upon him of late, and while he didn't admit it to himself, he was beginning to find her somewhat of a bore. He needed stronger meat now than her companionship could give him. He felt that it was useless to look for sympathy there; she could never even understand his need, and as the conversation between them began to flag in spite of his best efforts to sustain it, he invited her to the piano as the best means of disposing of her. She was

really a very fine performer, but although she selected one of his favorites, the "Overture to the Magic Flute," and played it remarkably well, he could not fix his attention upon the music. He even forgot to turn over the leaves, and finally allowed the whole score to come tumbling down on her hands. Etta was not used to being overlooked, especially by men, and after playfully rallying him once or twice upon his delinquency, she suddenly stopped right in the middle of a bar and rose from the piano, saying in her pretty little half-pouting way:

"I declare, Max, you are intolerable; after asking me to play for you, you can't keep your eyes away from that corner yonder," nodding toward Diana, "long enough to turn over my music for me. Don't you know it is atrocious taste for any man to be as much in love with his own wife as you are?"

Max colored and bit his lip. He had just been thinking how pretty Diana's hair looked, flashing in the lamplight with its ever-changing hues of crimson and gold, and wondering he had never noticed it before, but he was hardly conscious of his own thoughts until his attention was called to them by Etta's remark. Trevethick fortunately saved him the embarrassment of a reply.

"Oh, you must make an exception, Etta, when a man happens to have such a pretty wife as Max's or mine. By George, Di," he continued, looking up from the cribbage board in time to catch a glimpse of the flush that spread over her features, like a pink sunset cloud over the pale sky of evening, "how that blush becomes you! I never saw you look so handsome as you do to-night."

She had been feeling unusually happy ever since Max had shown an interest in her plans for helping the miners, and happiness is becoming to everybody, but she was not conscious of any outward change, and there was a humility almost pathetic in her voice as she hastened to laugh away the embarrassing compliment.

"You dear old boy," she said, tapping Phil lightly on the arm with her fan, "you

must indeed be very fond of me if you can think me handsome."

"That I am, my sweet sister," cried Phil, taking her hand and kissing it with an affectation of old-fashioned reverence; "so fond of you that if it hadn't been for Etta I should certainly have fallen in love with you myself. There now, see what you have lost by having a pretty sister! I say, Max," he continued, turning suddenly to his friend, "how lucky it is there were two of them, and we didn't both fall in love with the same girl!"

"It is, indeed," answered Max, in a tone that made Diana start, and not knowing what atrocity Phil might stumble upon next, she pushed aside the cribbage board, declared she was tired of playing, and that it was time they should all go to bed.

When Max found himself alone in his room that night he quietly opened a drawer of his writing desk and took from it the picture of Etta which he had preserved with religious care through all these long months. He looked at it a long time with an expression of mingled pity and self-contempt, such as we sometimes feel for ourselves in after years when ghostly memories of our youthful follies rise up before us. Then, walking deliberately to the hearth, he struck a match and touching it to the cardboard stood calmly looking on until nothing remained of it but a heap of ashes. When the last spark had died out he turned away with a sigh of relief, and muttered the one word, "Fool!" but to whom the flattering epithet was meant to apply the writer of this story has no means of ascertaining.

CHAPTER XII.

AN IRATE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

AFTER parting with their friends next day Max went directly to his office in the village while Diana ordered her horse, and telling the servants that she would not be back till dinner time, rode down the mountain with Carlo trotting at her side, to begin once more her rounds among the villagers. Both husband and wife shrank from the moment when they should feel themselves

alone together again under the same roof, and each sought to delay it as long as possible. Both were more keenly alive than ever to the awkwardness of the situation created by their unnatural relations toward one another, but both felt themselves helpless to alter it.

At the first place where Diana stopped on reaching the village she was confronted with abundant evidence that moonshine whisky was still at work among her "constituents," as Phil laughingly named them. She had called at the house of Shack Hardy, one of Max's teamsters, to ask after the health of old "Grammer" Doyle, Mrs. Hardy's mother. "Grammer" was a great sufferer from rheumatism, and when, in reply to Diana's sympathetic inquiries after her well-being, the old woman mumbled something about "therr bein' wuss things nurr mis'ries er the body to werrit a person," she was at no loss to guess where the trouble lay. She knew that whenever whisky was to be had Shack never failed to get his share of it, and in consequence the Hardy family was subject to frequent domestic broils.

"Why, what is the trouble now, Grammer?" she asked in the plain, straightforward way that she had always found best in dealing with these simple souls. "Has Shack been falling into bad ways again?"

"Ef you was to look at Calline's eye therr, you wouldn't have no call to ask," answered Grammer querulously.

Diana had noticed that the wife kept her sunbonnet drawn closely over her face, to hide the bruised feature, no doubt, and forbore to look at her.

"Now, maw," answered the poor woman, deprecatingly, "you ortn't to be so mad agin Shack; he never aimed to do it, nurr he warn't hisseif when he done it, you know he warn't."

"But I'd bring him to hisself mighty quick, ef I was his wife," cried Grammer, brandishing her crutch and bringing the point down upon the floor with a whack that should have been a warning to all delinquent sons-in-law. "Ef I wasn't sot

fast on to this heer cheer like I am, I'd go in yonder to him right now, I would, whar he's a-layin' sprawled out on the bed like a swill-fed hog, an' I'd take this heer crutch, I would, an' I'd beat him acrost the back tell he'd be erbleeged to come to hisself, the rotten, whisky-drinkin' hound."

Grammer's language, never very choice, was as energetic as her feelings, but before the reader criticizes her too severely, let him consider the provocation she had had in witnessing his brutal behavior to her child. Her tongue, too, being her only weapon, had been sharpened by the inactivity to which her other members were condemned, and if anything can excuse the bitterest curses a woman's tongue can utter, it is that foul destroyer of her home, the bottle.

"I am very sorry to hear this," said Diana, adroitly intervening before the daughter could reply. "I thought when Shack joined the Friends of Temperance——"

"Timp'runcel!" interrupted Grammer excitedly, "therr'll never be no timp'runcel in Yarico ez long ez Tol Spiker an' Bill Doak an' them'uns from over yonder in Job's Cut keeps a-bringin' er therr pizen stuff down the mount'n an' a-makin' hit jes' ez easy furr a man to git drunk ez to wink his eye."

"Maw!" interrupted Calline reproachfully.

"I don't keer what you say," answered Grammer defiantly; "I ainter gointer shet up tell I git ready. I think Bill Doak, at least, mought find sumpen better to do with hisself than be a-hangin' aroun' the still, an' his child a-layin' therr dead in the house."

"Why, how did you hear that?" asked Diana, more pained than surprised at the news, after what she had seen of Veriny's mode of bringing up her offspring.

"Why, Bud Pritchitt told Ma'jane Wheeler he met Truck Agee goin' furr the coff'n this mornin', as he was a-comin' down to the sto'," said Grammer, in confirmation of her statement.

"It must have been very sudden then," said Diana, "for they had heard nothing of

it at the mill. I stopped there as I came down from Olequa, and Mr. Wilkins said that his wife and Nonny had taken the wagon yesterday and gone over to Greasy Cove and wouldn't be back till to-night."

"That don't make no diff'runcel," persisted Grammer. "Bill don't 'low Veriny to have nothin' to do with her own folks noways, ef he kin help it, an' he's so took up hisself with Kid Harper an' them——"

"Maw!" interrupted Calline again, in a warning tone.

"Don't come a-mawin' er me," pursued the old woman impatiently. "I ain't beholden to keep therr pizen secrets furr'm. I aint afeerd er the gover'ment, nurr its spies nuther, nurr I don't keer ef the last one of 'em gits took up an' carried to Chattynoogy jail an' lays therr tell they rots."

Grammer's words left Diana in no doubt that the mountaineers had broken faith with her, and the mention of Kid Harper's name boded no good to her plans for reform. She was so occupied with other thoughts at the moment that the old woman's covert allusion to government spies escaped her attention, and even had she noticed it, she would never have dreamed that the words could have any reference to herself.

She looked at her watch as she turned from the door of Shack's poor cottage; it was only half past eleven—yes, there was plenty of time; she would go over to the Cut at once and see what she could do to mend matters. She wanted to see Veriny, anyway, for her heart went out to the poor young mother, with none of her own kindred about her in this hour of bereavement, none of the small decencies with which even the poorest love to surround their dead. She felt that her presence would be a comfort to the poor girl; and then, too, the moment seemed a favorable one for influencing the men, while their hearts were awed by the presence of death. And for Bill Doak in particular, if he ever could be reached, now, it seemed to her, was the time.

She would have felt better satisfied had

Nonny been with her, but, after all, what matter? There was Carlo, she knew the road well, the day was bright and beautiful, and she felt the need of just such an expedition as this to relieve the restlessness that tormented her and banish the pictures that forced themselves upon her

mind of the dreaded return to her own lonely home.

She stopped first by the village store and bought a few yards of white muslin, a bit of ribbon, some needles and thread, and then set off at a brisk canter toward Dead Man's Mountain.

(*To be continued.*)

BIRD SONGS OF EARLY SUMMER.

BY F. SCHUYLER MATHEWS.

THE time of the singing of birds is by no means past when July has come; on the contrary, most of the sweetest singers I have ever listened to sang throughout July, and some of them continued well on into August. In fact, our most accomplished vocalist, the hermit-thrush, sings his best after the first of July.



THE HERMIT-THRUSH.

it is not to be expected at this late day that Europe can be convinced that its favorite singer, the nightingale of the poet, has at last found his equal, if not his superior. America, however, ought to be open to conviction.

Not only the hermit-thrush sings in July, but also the robin, vireo, song sparrow, veery, and catbird, all of whom are matchless songsters. The comparative merits of these singers we will not discuss, but rather let us consider what the character of the music is which constitutes a bird's song.

We should not expect a bird to conform to the inflexible rules of music as we do. The bird is a law unto himself; the beauty of his music is not so much dependent upon melodic form as it is upon untrammelled melodic freedom. What is most wonderful about the bird is this: he has probably trilled, and sung perfect thirds, fifths, and octaves according to rule, ages before man could sing a single stave.

However, the rendering of a bird song by rigid musical rule cannot be perfectly accomplished any more than a Beethoven symphony can be adequately rendered on the organ. But I have made some annotations of bird notes which not only will properly represent the songs, but will stand the test of proper musical representation from a scientific point of view. There is

Between the nightingale and the hermit-thrush I will draw no comparisons; but I might briefly say that as the latter was not discovered until centuries after the former,

no other way of representing music than by musical signs. These bird songs must not be taken too literally. A bird too often sings questionably A or A flat; we do not

take account of quarter tones. A flat is a half-tone lower than A; we allow nothing to disturb the interval between; but the bird disturbs it as much as he pleases, and in such a marvelously musical way that we cannot justly criticize him. There is also the minor and the major third; C and E are major, and C and E flat are minor. The bird sometimes sings doubtfully the one or the other. In such a case the only way we can decide upon what the bird intended to sing is to listen attentively to the whole strain and judge whether it seems most in the minor or major key.

The white-throated sparrow (*Zonotrichia albicollis*) sings all through July in the northern hills. His song is usually characterized by a major fifth, and he sings in a soft, extremely high whistle thus:



The groups of three notes are almost imperceptibly blended; their separation is distinct enough, however, to be recognized by an attentive ear. This bird sings on the edge of the wild woods, and if one can cleverly whistle a response he will draw quite near.

Not infrequently I hear the robin (*Merula migratoria*) sing some of his best songs in July, especially when he is near his mate. The most perfect melody I ever heard from a robin's throat ran thus:



There was no question about his song being in the major key. I have taken no liberties with the song; it was sung with all the correctness one could expect from a bird. Not quite so skilful as this robin, but still wonderfully musical, another sang within my hearing this last May a fitting melody to the words of a spring song in "A Masque of Poets," thus:



Cheerily, Cheer up, cheer up; Cheerily, cheerily, Cheer up.

Notice that the notes of the robin are in groups of three, widely and distinctly separated; these groups are given with a somewhat nervous emphasis.

In contrast with the clear whistles of the peabody bird and the robin, we hear the lisping, canary-like voice of the deeply colored indigo-bird (*Passerina cyanea*) also through July. His notes cannot be imitated by a whistle; the lips need not be drawn so very close together, the tongue should be placed behind the front teeth, and the breath forced out between them and the tip of the tongue. The sound should be like the chirp of a little chicken. The song runs about thus:



Sip, 5-we s-we chir chir wis wis wis chir chir chir.

The indigo-bird chooses the topmost twig of a birch or a wild cherry, and sings there with all his might for ten minutes at a time. His color is not so easily seen, as he is usually darkly silhouetted against the sky.

The least musical bird of July is the wax-wing or cedar bird (*Ampelis cedrorum*), whose high-pitched, squeaky, *pianissimo* note resembles that of a mouse. The bird has no song, but he indulges in a single short, soft note at short intervals, thus:



The costume of the cedar bird is simple elegance itself; the color is an evenly distributed buff-gray, and on each of the wings is a single spot of bright scarlet like a tiny drop of sealing-wax. With the aid of an opera-glass the red spots can be distinctly seen. Without a glass the study of our common wild birds is compassed about with endless difficulties. I have chased a wood pewee all around a half-wooded pasture in a vain endeavor to see him sing at close quarters when I did not happen to have my glass with me. Let me advise those who wish to identify a bird while singing never to walk abroad without a glass in hand, ready for instant use.



THE WOOD PEWEE.

The wood pewee (*Contopus virens*) scarcely ventures beyond the pasture; he prefers the half-lit seclusion of the woodland, but does not care to penetrate deeply into the wild forest. His slurred, whistled notes are very characteristic ones, drawing in effect, and humorously suggestive of the words, "Sally come here. H-e-r-e." The last word is a long-drawn descending whistle; the music is expressive:

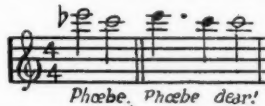


But the song of the wood pewee's near relative, the phæbe (*Sayornis phæbe*), is not less expressive, although it is most decidedly not a clear whistle but a loud, swinging chirp, thus:

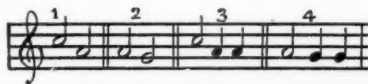


In fact, I have often observed that the phæbe seems to stutter in the middle of a remark. At any rate, the bird never whistles clearly. But the chickadee does;

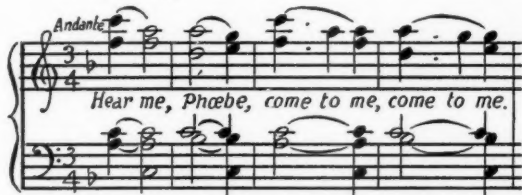
and what is more, he seems to say "Phæbe" far plainer than does the bird of that name. The perfect whistle of the chickadee (*Parus atricapillus*), given most times in a correct minor third, is a very familiar song on the roadside in early summer; there is something delightful about its perfection and simplicity:



I think Simeon Pease Cheney, a high authority on bird music,* and whose admirable efforts at transcribing bird notes is entitled to a wide recognition by all lovers of nature, summarized the musical ability of the chickadee excellently well when he said, "This little songster somehow has found out that one pure minim is worth a whole strain of demi-semi-quavers." Here are the renderings, arranged by Mr. Cheney, of the responsive singing of two chickadees:



In order to give some idea how replete with suggestion these simple notes are I have embodied them in the following harmony:



The little bird furnishes us with a motive quite as musical as many a bit in one of Wagner's operas! However unmusical the bird's rasping, hoarse "chicka-dee-dee-dee" is, his two whistled notes are beyond criticism.

But the perfection of all bird whistles is that of the hermit-thrush. It is a pity,

* See "Woodnotes Wild," by Simeon Pease Cheney. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

though, to call the bird's lovely voice a whistle! It is rather like the rich tones of a silver flute, or the solemn, sweet tones of a golden organ-pipe. John Burroughs continually dwells upon the hymn-like quality of the hermit's song; his estimate of it is correct, but we need some tangible record of the wonderful harmonious music. For six years and more I have listened to the hermit with the keenest ear, and though I have heard the nightingale sing, I am ready to say that I have yet to hear a bird musician who is the equal of the hermit-thrush as I know him in his home among the Franconia Mountains.

Here is an example of his flute-like tones, which is characteristic of the precision of the singer:



It is a distinguishing point in this thrush's song that it is sure to begin on a low tone and then bounds upward in brilliant thirds or fifths. Again, the bird, unlike other songsters of his tribe, is a transcendentalist. He is never perfectly satisfied with his last effort, he must surpass all former achievements, he must soar still higher:



His motto is undoubtedly "Excelsior." When he has gone all to pieces in the unattainable, he lingers over these three notes, given in an unspeakably high key:

Then he begins the motive all over again on a low tone, thus:

But I think one of his most brilliant efforts was summed up in the following:



although I am sometimes inclined to think a more difficult strain for him to deliver well was this:



Besides the regular notes of his song, it will be noticed that I have introduced a cluster of grace-notes; these indicate a suppressed, rather *pianissimo* effect, which may be considered a sort of brilliant *cadenza*. It is so soft and harmonic that it cannot be heard more than a hundred yards away. If there are any musical attempts of the nightingale better than these, I have yet to hear them.

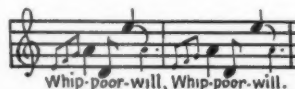
The chief singer of warm July evenings is the familiar whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferus*). Every one knows his song, but few, I imagine, give the bird credit for considerable variety in his music. After listening attentively to the dominant tones of four different whippoorwills last summer, I jotted down the following:



This shows the simple skeleton form of the music; the song of number one properly filled out would read thus:

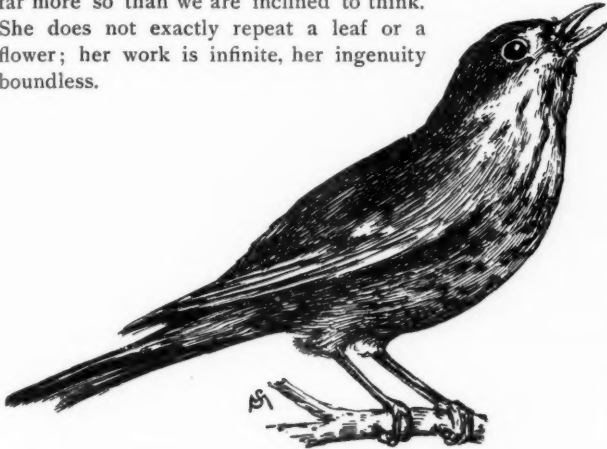


An attentive ear will discover that there is a little "cluck" which precedes the "whip," not loud enough to be heard unless the bird is very near. The range of the whippoorwill's voice is strictly limited, but the few tones are distinctly melodic. Regarding the variety of the music, it is a remarkable fact that if one will study these weird singers he will find that no two of them sing exactly alike.



That is a rule which is applicable to all

birds; I never found two which sang the same song. The fact is, nature is versatile, far more so than we are inclined to think. She does not exactly repeat a leaf or a flower; her work is infinite, her ingenuity boundless.



THE VEERY.

A near relative of the hermit, the veery, or Wilson's thrush (*Turdus fuscescens*), also sings in early summer. He frequents the wooded banks of the river, however, and rarely takes to the hills, like his hermit cousin. Wil-

son's thrush does not whistle; his tones are mixed, and they can properly be likened to those of a harmonicon. More than one writer has compared them to a "silver spiral of sound"; I might be more explicit and say that the actual tones of this bird's voice are reed-like, and can be exactly imitated by dexterously humming one note and whistling another. There are usually five divisions to the song, which may be indicated thus: "We-whieu-whieu, whieu-whieu." In music it would read thus:



But there are other forms of harmony which the veery delights in; here is one:



Nothing could be more entrancing than the rapid reverberations of these musical fifths.

In the cool shade of the woods there is ever flitting among the leaves a little bird whose intermittent chirruping is heard through the better part of July and August. This is the restless, red-eyed vireo (*Vireo olivaceus*). The leafy tops of the trees seem to echo his song and throw it back upon our ears like detached portions of some incomplete golden melody. Henry Ward Beecher remarked of this bird that it gave thanks between each mouthful

of food. Certainly the song is a grateful one, if it is snatchy and detached. Here are two renderings of this vireo's song, the first of which is perhaps a little fuller than the other:



The bird is olive brown, and a strong line of dark brown, beneath which is an edging of white, marks the head over the eyes.

The warbling vireo (*Vireo gilvus*) frequents the open country. His short song, unlike that of the red-eyed vireo, is evenly connected.



It is a refreshing little warble, which bubbles from his throat like the tones of the glass whistle used in a tumbler of water, which was common some years ago; but I will admit that the comparison does not reflect much credit on the vireo, however well it illustrates the character of the warble.

In my estimation the sweetest of these little woodland singers is the solitary vireo

(*Vireo solitarius*). His long-continued warble is marked by a few rising and falling notes of exquisite tenderness; I have labeled these *rallentando*, which means that they must be sung slowly and expressively.



The top and sides of the head of this vireo are bluish gray. Bradford Torrey in a recent writing dwells enthusiastically upon the winning tameness of some birds of this species which, he says, allowed themselves to be stroked in the freest manner and ate from his hand while sitting on their eggs. Of all the warbling woodland birds I consider this one gifted with the richest voice.

It may not be commonly known that the catbird (*Galeoscoptes carolinensis*) has a remarkably sweet song in the early part of the summer season, but such is the case. The rasping, harsh "B-jah-h-h," which he continually indulges in later, is no indication of the bird's want of an ear for music, for the latter is exactly what he does seem to possess. Apparently he listens to the bobolink, oriole, thrasher, and goldfinch, and combines his skilful copies of their notes in a fantastic medley. Here is a summary of the song.



It is full of richness and possesses no suspicion of the sober minor key. Some of the tones are clearly whistled, others are suppressed and resemble those of a jew's-harp, and still others are liquid and exuberant, with a flute-like quality.

One of the most joyous bird songs of summer is the little thin, piping melody of four or five notes dropped by the dainty black-winged yellow goldfinch (*Spinus tristis*) while he is on the wing. He goes sailing along about six in the afternoon, thus:



FLIGHT OF THE YELLOW GOLDFINCH.

and upon each recovery from the downward swoop he sings joyfully thus:

I have before remarked* that this method of sailing



across the blue sky reminded me of those lines of the old familiar hymn which run—

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly.

I sometimes think that the writer of the familiar verses must have noticed this joyous flight of the goldfinch and received his inspiration from it. The beautiful golden bird may sing a longer, better song, such as this,



which I have heard early in the morning, and even in the afternoon, but he could not possibly sing a more gladsome one.

But the sweetest singer of early summer is the song sparrow (*Melospiza fasciata*), whose spotted breast with the strong streak of brown in the center distinguishes him from all others of his tribe. The voice of the song sparrow is sweeter and richer than that of the goldfinch, whose best tones are metallic and thin in comparison. Every one knows the song of this little sparrow, but few pause to analyze its character and guess wherein the charm lies. I think it is in the perfect group of clearly whistled leading notes which are followed by the rich trill. Here is an example characterized by a wonderfully true octave which occurs at the beginning and at the end of the song.



It expresses the true musical feeling of the bird; the octave was no accident, the *fifth* (E) is conclusive proof that it was not. I

have yet to hear a thrush whose accuracy can excel this of the song sparrow. Evidently the

* See "Familiar Features of the Roadside."
F. S. M. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

charm of the sparrow's song lies in his perfect conformity to the rules of music. His is no uncertain tone, it is a third, a fifth, or an octave, a whole tone, or a half-tone; and he does not mix any of these up. But I have still another proof of the true pitch of the sparrow's notes:



and still another:



I do not in any instance exaggerate the truth.

When one stops to consider the real significance of the fact that bird notes are, many of them, counterparts of the musical composition which we call melody, that fact seems wonderful; for where did the bird get his knowledge of music? To answer that question scientifically, one must become involved in a process of reasoning of no light nature. One is led also, quite un-

avoidably, to one conclusion. Music itself is in a measure divine. If it were simply a material and useful thing without esthetic quality, it might be less divine. But there is the rub; if we deny its spiritual nature, we are forced to conclude that the bird's melody is purely an accident. Then we have to go further—the brilliant markings of the flower, the gorgeous plumage of the bird, the dainty pattern of the butterfly's wing, these are all the result of an accident too!

No! There is the impress of God's hand throughout the universe, and his spirit breathes in every creature. The charm of a wild bird's song, I sometimes think, is that part of it which cannot be called altogether wild. Whoever studies bird music must inevitably become impressed with the indubitable proofs of something which more than suggests *law*, and law does not associate itself in our minds with wildness. The next time we hear a bird sing let us remember that we are listening to a kind of music which fell upon the ears of the world long before mankind knew what the word music meant.*

FARM LIFE IN VIRGINIA.

BY DAVID H. WHEELER, D. D., LL. D.

THE experience of which this article is a fruit was gained in the Midland, southwest of Richmond, but it is believed to be fairly representative of the larger portion of the state. Some general data must be taken into account when one attempts to weigh particulars. One important datum is that Virginia is nearly three centuries old and yet presents in many sections the general aspect of native woods. In general this aspect is due to abandoned culture, the old corn-rows and tobacco hills showing plainly under grim forests. But there are large tracts of original oaks and walnuts. The abandoned lands have no general significance but are due to an agricultural habit rather than to decay of the farming population. It may

happen any year that this or that piece of fairly good land is not cultivated. Dropped out of culture one year, it may be neglected year after year until a young growth of pines appears, and in a quarter of a century may become forest.

I once supposed that such lands had been abandoned because they were worn out; but further experience has taught me that exhausted fertility is only a partial explanation. I also supposed that letting the land go uncropped was a peculiar method of rotation; but there is no method in the case—in fact, method is rare in Virginia farming. There are well-set theories about method, but accident and chance step in to

* Music and article copyrighted, 1898, by Theodore L. Flood.

prevent the theories ripening into method. The old field forest is usually an accident.

It is a general belief that Virginia, especially the Midland, is a region of poor lands. This belief is not in accord with the facts. There are poor lands—a thin layer of white sand resting on the red clay; but such soils are not the rule. "On the other hand, I know soils a full foot in depth and of amazing productive power. There are very abrupt passings from rich lands to poor—often on the same plantation—and "worn out" is the worst of guesses about the cause. Another phrase runs "worn out by tobacco crops"; the fact is, however, that the tobacco crop is the only one for which a Virginia farmer invariably uses fertilizers in considerable quantity. It may be added that the unthrif of this farmer disappears when he raises tobacco. This weed is not a lazy man's crop; no other harvest comes with such an amount of careful and timely and hard work as the tobacco harvest. That tobacco is produced in large quantities in this Midland proves two things: first, that considerable tracts of land are kept in a good condition of fertility, and, second, the Virginia farmer can be careful, systematic, and industrious. If the same zeal were at work in the corn-fields there would not be a market for western corn in the Midland.

Another general datum is that there are two races in Virginia and both are farmers. The Afro-American is by inheritance and habit a farmer. In his emancipated state he works at what his father and grandfather learned to do as slaves—he farms. Often he owns a small tract of land; as a rule he is a peculiar species of tenant farmer. He rents land on which he does not live, giving one fourth of the crop to the proprietor. I judge that in the Midland from one fourth to one half of the crop-raising—measured by acreage—is negro farming. Now, this farmer is on the whole a pleasant and amiable person, whose virtues white Virginians praise without stint. He is a good laborer under a good employer; he is, as a rule, a dead failure as a farmer—of course there are exceptions to prove the rule. To be

specific, let me say that the corn crop is by far the most important in Virginia. Corn is the staple food of man and beast. This crop is far more easily raised than tobacco, but it must be produced with care and labor. The colored farmer is apt to fail in every detail. He scrapes the surface of the soil with a "Boy Dixie" plow drawn by one steer or a cow. He will go on doing this for ten years on the same land. Many a good piece of soil has never been thoroughly stirred by a plow. Then any little thing may delay his planting, and other little things may be excuses for failing to "work" the corn in due season. I asked one of these farmers why he got so small a yield from a given piece of land. He replied, "I got a job in a sawmill." I have seen hundreds of pieces of the poor corn crop of 1897. In every case I am sure the crop might have been doubled by timely and sufficient labor.

The white proprietor is more blameworthy for the "negro farming" than the colored renter. This white proprietor is a farmer who does not farm. He is a good fox-hunter, a delightful kind of man to have for a neighbor. He lives meagerly but within the strong lines of gentleness. He takes life easily. To farm would require vigilance and painstaking supervision of hired laborers. He cannot afford to employ another white man to do this hard work for him; it is easier to let the Afro-American have the land and take gratefully the tribute which the land renders him under this system. The result is poor land, ruined not by tobacco culture, but by shiftless culture of corn. The abandoned land covered with old field pines is an accident of tenant farming. After two or three years of idleness a good plow and a strong team are necessary; the colored tenant has no such equipment. If no tenant has wanted a given tract for two years in succession, no tenant will ever want it for a corn-field.

The reference to the gentlemanly, fox-hunting proprietor makes it necessary to add that there are native Virginians of the best descent who farm vigorously and successfully. They are probably the best

farmers in the state. Every section has a sprinkling of northern farmers. Some succeed; others are dead failures. Of course they explain that the land is poor and the negro a "no-account" laborer. Some of them came down with a fixed belief in deep plowing. One of them found on his farm a red clay hill on which no weed was mean enough to grow. He declared that it was the best land on the plantation, put a plow into it beam deep, sowed it to wheat, and waited in vain for his seed to sprout. Stirring land thoroughly with a good plow and turning up a foot of sub-soil are very different things. The first promotes fertility; the second is a waste of energy.

As a laborer on the farm the average colored man is distinctly the superior of the average northern farm-hand. But there are special requirements necessary to his employer. One successful farmer said to me: "The harder you work a nigger the better he will like you." This laborer will not strike; nor will he quit a vigorous and exacting employer. On the other hand, he will do poor work for a poor employer—an employer who either does not know his business or expects his man to work well without any kind of pressure. As a rule, not much pressure is required; but firmness and systematic supervision are required—as they are everywhere.

Another general fact is that the native white proprietors were ruined by the war; but a large proportion of them did not find it out until long after the war. I have personal knowledge of mortgages made before the war and foreclosed in recent years. One of these debts was made in 1859 and settled in 1896; the settlement took two thirds of the plantation. Still another datum is that the wages of the colored man have more than doubled in the last twenty years. They are not dear now, for a good hand rarely costs more than one hundred and thirty dollars a year, including his rations. And yet a farmer said to me only yesterday, "You cannot afford to hire a man at the present wages—he will cost more than the crop." He will cost more if

the management of him is poor. I believe this happens in all industries, not excluding railroads. It must also be noted that here, as elsewhere, lands have declined in value and the prices of products have fallen. That has also happened in all industries. This general decline has had to be met and balanced by inventive skill, by vigilant supervision, and by thrift. On a Virginia farm all these elements of success may be found—but not on the majority of farms.

The ruin of the war was disguised by the peculiarly prosperous conditions of the seventies and eighties. The debt remained, but the interest could be produced without great effort. When the price of tobacco fell one half and more, the old scores got their revenge in the form of foreclosures. Politicians in Virginia teach that the gold standard has done the mischief. This is a pleasing view to the farmer who has failed, for he does not stop to reflect that his debt is old or that damaging legislation, like hail-storms, floods, and potato rot, must be expected in this very human world of ours—and that some kind of relief for a crop failure or an aggressive dollar must be provided by a new outlay of energy or by economy.

In many important things Virginia farming is different from northern. A certain ease of movement, a kind of general amiability, pervades the business. One never sees a harness on the plow team. The plow gear is a very simple affair: collar, hames, trace-chains, cloth backbands, and a rope line on one horse. It is neither poverty nor shiftlessness. Any plowman who has worked a half day with this gear will never go back to a regular harness—it makes plowing easier for the horses and the man. And this plow gear is typical of the whole system. The farm-hand never lives in the house; he and his family have their log cabin—usually a very comfortable dwelling—at some distance from the farmhouse, as a rule. In recent years the alert farmer charges rent for the log house. I know one farmer who has eight families on his place, and his farm is not a large one. He explains that he gets

seventy or more days of work for each cabin—by men, boys, and women—has always men who must work for him or move off, and by rents reduces the strain of high wages. He is a native Virginian whose father owned slaves and died bankrupt. The son has worked out his problems under the new dispensation and is successful.

The colored brother is instructive to me as a new lesson in the evolution going forward in the two sexes. The colored woman is, like her white sister, getting in advance of her brother. Often she supports the family, pretty regularly she is more industrious than her brother or husband. Under emancipation he has acquired the power to be idle. She has come under a sharper necessity in the matter of work. All the new luxuries in the cabin, all that represents progress, must be won by her hands. The best hand on a plantation I am interested in is an old woman. There may be something a man can do which she cannot, but I do not know what that may be. She can chop down trees, grub out roots, butcher animals, and do fifty other things; and she is never idle. Her men-kind insist upon having two Sundays in the week and working only eleven months in the year. Nor is this old woman an exception; unceasing industry is the rule for the colored woman on the farm. She washes for the people in the town, often carrying her "washing" ten miles both ways, in her own steer jumper, or on her head. She tends the patch of corn while her lord works for the master or sits smoking in the sun or shade, according to the season. And she works easily, without nervous strain. Pretty regularly she is a smoker of tobacco; if she works outdoors for farmers she also chews the weed. But, on the whole, the necessities of her life, the discipline of necessary industry fourteen hours daily, is building her up into a more vigorous human being than her husband or brother.

A certain simplicity marks all farming in Virginia. The latest fashions do not trouble the soul. The white farmer is nearly always a gentleman, however plain

his clothes may be, and though corn and pork may be almost exclusively his food. In an indefinable way the negro laborer is also marked by gentleness. There is a repose in his manners which is charming on the esthetic side, an absence of coarse language and vulgarity, a habit of polite forms of speech, which is begun very early. The ragged boy on the road bids you good-morning gracefully, with perfect freedom and yet with a flavor of deference.

"But does it pay?" The question is the most modern test of everything, or nearly everything. One may say yes or no to the question about nearly everything. All depends on the conditions. In the first place, the Virginia Midland farmer enjoys the best climate and the best water in America. He can plow any day in the year if it does not storm. His sheep need no winter feeding; his cattle are helped through the short winter by a few husks and stalks of corn—though it pays to feed well. He has his living, and if he is wise in his generation his land does not deteriorate and his flocks and herds increase. But if he desires to gather money to invest in stocks or mortgages, he will need to do what the northern farmer must do in like case—put forth special effort, guided by appropriate invention.

Practically the whole state is for sale at very low prices. My own judgment is that the cheapness of lands is the late-gathered harvest of the Civil War and emancipation. The original owner has for the greater part failed to pay his *ante-bellum* debts, failed to adjust himself to the new order, not merely of free labor, but of close competition and low prices. If one scrutinizes the history of a farm for sale, he will in most cases find an *ante-bellum* debt or a failure of some northern colonist to "get the hang" of the situation.

The farmer in Virginia is apt to believe that he would enjoy a larger measure of happiness if money were more abundant, though he is rarely aggressive in his tone about it. I observe, however, that a habit of "making trades" exists among farmers; and as an economist I am impressed with

the tendency of such trading to reduce the amount of money in circulation. In other words, barter keeps money out by reducing the demand for it.

Yet, after all other considerations are weighed, this general fact must outweigh all others: namely, that the majority of the farming population—three fourths of it—is Afro-American. This fact gets in its work in every direction. The market of the Midland, for instance, is almost entirely local. What is produced is consumed close at hand, and not enough is produced to fill the home market. The colored brother, with his bushel of corn, or pair of chickens, or bag of meal, is always underselling. He has not learned how to buy and sell; the trading faculty in him develops very slowly. His white neighbor is commonly too proud to "cheat a nigger," and the storekeeper in the town has no such scruples of honor. Negro competition is therefore a drawback on Virginia farming. This is only a single case picked from a score or more of cases in which farming is modified, for better or for worse, by the simple fact that so large a proportion of the agricultural producers are

colored. I have already hinted that "negro farming" is the largest cause of impoverished lands.

One other word on this last theme. Fertilizing is the unsolved problem of agriculture everywhere; the artificial manures are too costly for staple crops of food. But the problem is not more vexing in Virginia than elsewhere. The red clay sub-soil prevents any leaching; a spadeful of manure tells, and the full effect is secured; not an ounce is lost. Sunshine and rain are the great agricultural forces. Midland Virginia is rich in the blessing of the sun, and, as a rule, the summer rain comes in due season. I observe that, under the drought of 1897, the well-tilled crops were a fair average. The firm sub-soil keeps the moisture for corn a long time. A stranger remarked that the astonishing extent of the drought was shown by the dryness of the bottom of a grave. He did not know that the normal condition of that grave was dryness. The dead in the Midland sleep their last sleep in dry earth. It is something to be laid away, not in inconstant sands or dripping clays, but in clean, dry, stable sub-soil.

THE TRUE BUSINESS EDUCATION.

BY HARVEY L. BIDDLE.

A VERY simple preparation may be made by every one for the future duties and responsibilities of life. The time for this is in boyhood and girlhood when attending the common school and studying the initial branches taught there. The fact is, reading, writing, and arithmetic are to-day at the very foundation of all preparation for the vocations of life.

How rare it is to find a person who can read intelligently, with proper enunciation and a natural and unaffected pronunciation, before a company of a half dozen persons in a parlor. There is no method of teaching this superior to having the pupil read aloud in his class in the common school, where he may be corrected while his mind is flexible and he has no bad habits to overcome.

The same is true of the art of penmanship. One may practice writing an hour every morning or afternoon at his desk in the common school until he has mastered the pen and writes a legible hand. This involves a double action of the mind, which, Dr. Holmes says, is quite common, in that one must spell as well as write and thus two accomplishments are gained while the student has aimed at one.

Arithmetic that is taught in the common school may be very thorough, especially if it is mental arithmetic. The art of grasping a problem that is read by a teacher, holding it at the focus of memory till the reason has solved it, and then stating the answer, is a fine exercise for the mind. It will be all the more easily done because the student

has been writing, which teaches exactness, and has been reading, which gives self-possession—a power any one may covet, because it enables him to give correct expression to thought in proper language.

It is lamentable that boys, especially, are dropping out of the common school early in life before they have completed the course of study. This practice leaves them wanting in ability to read and write and solve problems in mathematics. Deficiency in these things will be felt in all the after life and is sure to cripple them for business, a profession, society, and for the commonest enjoyments of life.

Parents and guardians should be careful and firm in the management of children at this point, keeping them in the common school until they thoroughly master the rudiments of an education. It has come to be a fashion for boys to skip a part of the course of study in the common school and take a "short cut" for college, but such boys, if they gain college, are pretty sure to be idlers, reading novels in their rooms and using ponies to get through the recitations. This is demonstrated in the life of a certain class of students in most colleges and universities to-day.

Every kind of business requires more or less correspondence. It is rare that a business is limited to the community in which it is conducted. Our facilities for communicating with distant parts of the country, by telegraph, by mail, and express, are so efficient that instead of good penmanship being less useful it grows more useful and important as the years go by. One may use a typewriter, but absence from the office or home, together with other reasons, may make it expedient at times to use the pen, in which case it will be fortunate if one can write a legible hand. Some men have lost opportunities for business situations by writing a letter of application full of defects in grammar and spelling and showing a lack of good taste at other points. Very often a business man writes a young man inquiring about his qualifications in order to call out a written reply that he may judge of the young man's penmanship, spelling, and

style of addressing a correspondent. Sometimes a similar device is resorted to to obtain a knowledge of the applicant's skill in arithmetic in its relation to business.

Occasionally we hear it said that a man graduated from a university had a very defective education in his early life, so that his knowledge of the common branches is imperfect, and that his efficiency is discounted for that reason. How much greater is the loss to the average boy who has neglected the privileges of the common school and can go to no higher school. He is sure to make humiliating failures if he attempts to do business with a defective education in common school studies.

It should be sufficient simply to call the attention of those having authority over children to prompt them to seek thoroughness in both the teaching and the work of the student in the common school. Some states have adopted a law, which we call compulsory, requiring boys and girls to attend the common school so many months in every year and forbidding manufacturers or others to employ them if that will keep them out of school. In such states the duty of educating the children is enforced upon parents and guardians by civil law, and this is regarded as a very wise provision for the education of young people, because it is a very easy thing for parents to neglect the oversight of their children at this point, and it is often very pleasant for thoughtless children to absent themselves from school and their books. The state has taken hold of the matter for its own protection, that boys may be educated in the common branches for citizenship, that they may be able to read and thus understand public questions, that they may have a knowledge of arithmetic and thus be able to comprehend the financial questions connected with the government. In this way they become intelligent voters and exercise the functions of citizenship with a full knowledge of all its duties.

Such an education is a preparation for other duties in a business life. A person thus trained to consider will have a sympathy for the man who conducts the busi-

ness which gives him employment, that is, he will be able to do his work sympathetically, he will be interested to do good work, and will intelligently try to improve the work of the house, to increase its reputation as a business establishment. Indifference here is death. It manifests itself in quitting a little before time, in getting to the place of business a little behind time, in taking advantage of a superintendent's absence to idle away time during working hours. An active, sincere man will not be too particular or too exact about minutes, but will be anxious to make for himself a good record for doing honest work and being constant; he will give his time generously, until he becomes indispensable.

A boy educated in the common school will be able to reason, he will be thoughtful concerning such questions as this: Shall I be a striker? when I do not receive the favors I ask shall I quit work and turn away to something else? The training of the mind in boyhood will better enable the young man to hold himself in the midst of discouragements till such time as he may win. It will do more than this for him. It will help him not to talk to other employees against his employer. If he has any grievances about wages being too low, working hours too long, holidays too few, or his promotion unjustly deferred, he will reason that he should go directly to headquarters and do his talking there, and furthermore he will not go in a quarrelsome spirit, for he will realize that more than half his battle is lost if he finds fault and complains. He will be intelligent and hit upon the right time to call; he will not go when the employer is busy, or worried, or cross, but he will inquire of some one that is acquainted with him what is a good time, and when he is in his happiest mood. Usually this time is in the morning, when a man is feeling well, if ever, and is hopeful and happy, and early in the week, after he has had his day of rest. Every employer has seasons of the year when he feels at his best. An intelligent boy will study these things. If the business is prosperous, that is a favorable condition. If reverses in business have

come, he will keep away from his employer with questions of promotion and more pay and wait till prosperity comes. If his employer is sick, he will not trouble him till he gets well. When he does call, he will state his case in few words, cheerfully, and in honest, manly fashion, and if he has made a good record in his work, he will present it, and if promotion is deserved and there is any manhood in his employer, the claim will be recognized and treated with consideration.

If one attends the same church as his employer, the same secret lodge, or belongs to the same political party, he should exercise the rights of his manhood and meet his employer as an equal in the church, the lodge, or the political party, knowing that labor is honorable and that it is just as dignified to be employed and labor as it is for a man to own property and conduct a business. If the business which gives a man employment may be benefited by legislation that is pending, the employee will be wise to consider this matter, and if he is in an opposite party from the one to which the proprietor belongs he had best let party go to the winds and stand by the business from which he gets his living, and vote to help his business and family instead of voting to please some political striker. If one attends a church and organization other than that of his employer, he will be wise to stand firmly for his own religious belief and his own ideas in social life, at the same time being conciliatory, kind, and manly.

One should avoid talking about the people with whom he works. He should not parade their faults before the community or people outside, or see their defects too plainly. He should keep out of complications and not load himself with other people's troubles, especially if they work by his side. It is quite common that people who work side by side in the same shop, or store, or office, or on the same farm, move in different social sets, attend different churches, belong to different political parties, and serious complications may arise by too much talk. He is a wise man who knows when to speak and when not to speak concerning his fellow men.

All these duties in life one can perform very much better if in his youth the faculties of his mind have been trained in mathematics, grammar, writing, and reading, and if he has learned self-control by obedience to teacher and parents, or a guardian who exercises authority over him; whereas a lawless spirit in a boy, leading him to neglect his studies and defy the authority placed over him in the family and in the school, is sure to result in a pernicious disposition, a

riotous imagination, and an ultimate disregard for public order and civil law, so that the man's life will be a torture to himself, a discredit to his family, and probably a burden to the community in which he lives. Hence we emphasize the importance of training children in the common school until they have completed the course before they are advanced to any other school or begin to engage in business or any vocation of life.

MUSIC IN THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY MAURICE EMMANUEL.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE FRENCH "LA REVUE DE PARIS."

GERMANY has twenty universities. Sixteen of them inscribe on their programs the teaching of music. In Austria three universities out of five possess an analogous musical organization. In both countries the science of music may be chosen by the candidate as a principal branch in the written and oral tests for the doctorate of philosophy.

But music is an art, and of all arts the one which interests the sensibilities most. By what right does it elbow philology? How can it lend itself to a university examination?

Musical dilettanteism scarcely exists in Germany. With our neighbor music is a vital function of society as well as of the individual; this affirmation has nothing metaphorical. While in France the professional musicians form a band apart and are rather the antithesis of the amateurs, the German artists fraternize with the less cultivated but earnest musicians who are legion in all social classes. In a common endeavor they associate daily, and the union can be made without disparity, because all have the same instinct, and, in certain measure, the same education. I know nothing more interesting than these musical collectivities whose elements are borrowed from such diverse strata; orchestral musicians enrolled at the theater, pupils and teachers of the conservatories, chorists,

recruited from the working classes, the *bourgeoisie*, the world of letters and sciences, form in many a city musical societies of the highest value. It is evident that fusion is not possible unless the musical culture and technical skill of the amateurs are at the height of their rôle. When an *ensemble* is to be realized, the instinctive sentiment of art, though a necessary condition, is not sufficient; appropriate teaching must have developed, and experience have fortified it. This is the case in Germany. The elements of music are universally known. In schools of all grades and all sorts they have their place marked. The number and value of the musical recitals in the smallest cities come to the aid of teaching, develop innate tastes, and complete the primary instruction. Without effort, under the simple influence of environment, Germany progresses in the art toward which it tends by nature.

But it must be noticed that it does not see in music a simple satisfaction of the sensibilities. It tastes through it the most elevated and delicate pleasures of the mind. It is for it an intellectual art as much as a source of emotions. I will explain.

Pure music, exclusively instrumental, reduced to the mere language of sounds, may be opposed to music where the human voice enters in, alone or accompanied by instruments. They are two different arts,

which, upon a common foundation, have each their mode of special expression. Pure music, without the aid of words, with the simple sonorous apparel, reveals all the human soul and addresses itself to the human soul entirely. It is called Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. It has its formal language, addressed to the mind, but it vibrates to the will of the one who listens. Its repercussion in the sensibility is entirely individual.

Music where the human voice enters into play loses a part of this indetermination. It is applied to words of which it must color the sense. It does not abdicate its own language, and it sacrifices nothing of its own means, but adapts itself to a particular thought of which it must strengthen the outlines. Here enters in a literary pleasure. I do not speak of that which springs from the beauty of verbal expressions. Alas! musicians are too often satisfied with ridiculous texts. I simply oppose this more complex pleasure to the purer musical pleasure.

The Germans are quick to comprehend and feel the two musical forms. They see clearly in the language of pure music. It is not for them an abstraction. It is a living organism whose complexity they understand and whose least movements they interpret. In listening to vocal music their constant preoccupation is to comprehend the text it envelops. They do not pardon musical ideas for entering into conflict with literary ideas. On the contrary, their pleasure is complete when the accord between these is so perfect that the two thoughts become inseparable. This is the reason they adore Schubert, who is a great dramatist in his short songs, and why Wagner, poet musician after the fashion of the Greek tragedians, moves them so profoundly.

The Germans know what music is, music in its entirety. They enjoy it doubly, with mind and heart, without nervous shocks, in the plenitude of a reasoned sentiment which knows why it enjoys.

These intellectual and literary preoccupations of the auditors explain their concep-

tion of music and at the same time the tendencies of German musical pedagogy. The latter, even when it is essentially professional, has for its mission the forming of a complete musician. In the conservatories it aims at solidity and breadth of knowledge rather than at the excessive perfectioning of virtuosity. It holds that it is more valuable for an artist to acquire in youth a general culture than to refine a special and too exclusive talent.

The universities of Berlin, Bonn, Heidelberg, Leipsic, Munich, Strasburg, Prague, and Vienna have a musical organization leading really to superior teaching. Public and private lecture courses and practical exercises offer to students and regularly enrolled hearers the doctrinal whole of the science of music. But in the other centers—Breslau, Freiburg, Giessen, Göttingen, Halle, Kiel, Königsberg, Marburg, Rostock, Tübingen, and Graz—the lessons having music for their object, if they do not aim so high, tend actively to develop and enforce their programs. Almost all the teachers are professional musicians, several are militant artists. In Germany science does not exclude enthusiasm and culture, and art may go hand in hand with the minute concerns of philology.

It would be impossible to mention here all these scholars. Spitta at Berlin and Hanslick at Vienna have exercised upon the musicians of the two countries an influence which must be taken into account. Spitta, called to the musical chair of Berlin in 1875, joins profound learning to eminent technical competency founded upon professional studies; he created musical philology. His biography of J. S. Bach, his edition of the old master Shütz, are among the chief monuments which mark a new era in the history of art criticism. Exact science and most delicate taste are here associated on each page. The verbal teaching of Spitta is not the least glorious part of his work and its action has been fruitful. The numerous pupils of the Berlin professor, now become teachers, apply in their own lessons the method he has transmitted to them. They make precision the auxiliary

of artistic sense and one might say they discover by erudition treasures which art would not know how to utilize without it.

Hanslick, of the University of Vienna, was in his youth devoted to musical composition; but his taste for analysis made him a critic. His book on "Musical Beauty" made a great stir. It is a work rich in new ideas, but systematic and with a spirit irritatingly uncompromising. Spitta was a philologist, Hanslick is a philosopher. By his long series of articles in Vienna journals, he has been for twenty years the arbiter of musical taste in Austria. He is less popular in Germany. The Germans say of his works that they are more subjective than objective, and they take more willingly as models the works of Spitta, where rigorous science and the spirit of free criticism relegate to the background doctrinarian philosophy.

This is remarkable, in truth; the Germans, who love philosophy so much, hardly apply it to music at all. They are passionately enamored of the science of language, the history of musical forms and their variations; but they scarcely trouble themselves to define "musical beauty." Music remains for them the art of indetermination and they do not amuse themselves by discussing the comparative merits of similar works nor the factors of genius of the masters. The music lovers of Germany make a technical analysis and apply it to different musical types with rigorous exactitude: a grammatical, rhetorical inquiry, if you wish, nothing more. Beyond that they feel and do not ask why. It seems ridiculous to them to wish to explain how the emotion arises from an unforeseen modulation or the introduction of a new tone. They have a conception of music which makes an absolute distinction between the matter, which is knowable, and its effects, which are mysterious. Beyond a certain limit they abstain from discussion; they listen.

The personal teaching and pedagogical method are not the same in all the universities but the principles are invariable. In Germany the professors freely make use of

the *libertas academica* of which they are so proud. Following their own tendencies, the needs of their pupils, the exigencies of the province, they freely modify their plans. Their knowledge is so extended that there are no limits which restrain the choice of lesson subjects. These encyclopedists of music are capable for the most part of commenting on a text from Plato or Aristoxenus, of deciphering the neumes of the Middle Ages, of adapting to the piano a score for the orchestra, of directing a chorus, or of composing one at need. There are among them instrumental virtuosos and singers who have renounced worldly success to devote themselves to learning but who remain none the less brilliant artists. There are also authors of note whose choral, symphonic, and dramatic works are produced at concerts and on the stage. The ability of these teachers is then double. From that comes their authority.

I will take as a type of the superior musical teaching in the German universities the course of lessons organized at Strasburg by Mr. Jacobsthal, professor ordinary. His method is so remarkable, the results he obtains are so valuable that their simple exposition will dispense with the need of a commentary.

Professor Jacobsthal has for a principle that technique cannot be a stranger to musical erudition: without a knowledge of the language the reading of the monuments of art is impossible. It is necessary, then, to study the musical grammar, as one learns Greek before reading Plato. On the other hand, the musician must be a philologist and apply to his researches the methods of philology. In a cycle of three years Professor Jacobsthal initiates the pupils into musical technique. They are divided into four classes, each numbering fifteen or more pupils. Each class has two lessons a week. Counterpoint is the basis of the studies; modern harmony goes hand in hand with it. In six semesters the professor makes his pupils run through the progressive stages of musical technique: the elements of harmony, counterpoint for two voices, three voices, four voices, the principles of

the fugue and of composition. The first exercises written by the pupils are choruses without instrumental accompaniment. When the pupil is expert in the pure vocal style it is easy to add to the quartet of voices the different instruments. The practice of orchestration thus comes in last and closes the series of technical pedagogy. The best conservatories proceed in the same way.

As a real artist, Professor Jacobsthal has the vocal parts of the school exercises sung in his classes. In this way the melodic exigencies of style suitable to voices become familiar to the pupils, and their pens quickly acquire experience with this subtle and complicated arrangement. Lessons upon musical forms complete this technical teaching, of which the end is to prepare auditors capable of following the professor in his philological researches. He pursues these with method and despises all vain learning. After having in the course of a semester commented upon a theorist of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance, in the following semester he analyzes the works of a musician of the same time. He has a legitimate predilection for that long period of transition which extends from the tenth to the seventeenth century, but he does not confine himself to it. Modern art alternates in his lessons with anterior art; the life and works of the masters of the classic epoch and the masterpieces of contemporary art figure in his programs; Bach and Wagner fraternize in this vast and very eclectic teaching. The examples needed are given by the teacher himself, on the piano; this is a uniform practice in analogous courses in Germany. Nothing is as valuable as a quotation and nothing replaces it. The professors of music in the universities are not all virtuosos, but they are capable of playing otherwise than with one finger and of interpreting works of every style and form.

Besides these varied lessons, the practical exercises of the *seminar* are for each of the

pupils of Professor Jacobsthal the occasion for orally making known their personal works, following an order of discussion determined in advance. In the German university each section of studies has joined to it a *seminar* of application. This is a veritable school of paleography and musical diplomatics. Here texts are deciphered, versions compared, and useful corrections proposed.

This musical philology, in fact, is not a misleading title. It even gives more than it promises, for its results are in the domain of art. It makes the superb works live again which were known to us before only from incorrect fragments. It criticizes the texts and definitely establishes them in eliminating the errors committed by ignorant editors. It delivers to artists unknown treasures.

You will have a complete idea of the work of Professor Jacobsthal when you know that he directs the chorus of university students (*Akademischer Gesangverein*). Such a chorus is organized in half a dozen of the German higher institutions. If music is treated as a science it is also installed as the most living and most sociable of arts. It is not a little surprising to hear students of law and medicine, literary and scientific students, execute without instrumental accompaniment polyphonic vocal pieces borrowed from the masters of the Renaissance or the work of Bach.

The German professors of music, who are almost all professional musicians, exercise a fruitful influence upon public taste. They make their disciples scholars but they teach them also to enjoy a musical work profoundly, to seize on the wing the most rapid idea, and to recognize through fluctuations of development the directing thought. They train them to judge well, to enjoy freely without dogmatic trammels the most varied and apparently most antagonistic manifestations of art.

THE HOME IN MEXICO.

BY MARILLA ADAMS.

THE casual visitor to Mexico sees little of the home life of her people and many are apt to carry away a wrong impression. Although their ways and ours may differ, the difference is not always in our favor. The ungainly exterior walls are no key to the interior. One sees behind those same walls sights that delight and rest the eye, weary of paved streets and straight fronts.

The style of architecture is very different from that of the north country. Houses, instead of being compact and in the center of a lot, with plenty of yard room, have the rooms lining the outer edges, with a small court or garden in the center. This interior court, or *patio*, as it is called, has the sky for its roof, whether the building has one story or four. Buildings are seldom more than two stories in height, and in the country towns generally only one, while sometimes there are two and three *patios* from which the rooms are lighted. Windows fronting the street on the ground floor are heavily grated. There is but one entrance, which is closed by heavy wooden doors and securely fastened. On one particular door in Mexico City are to be found the following fastenings: first there is a heavy iron latch and a lock which fastens with a key eight inches long, then a chain, large and heavy enough to do logging, and last, but not least, a solid, hard-wood bar reaching across the entire entrance. In the door is a small square hole with a slide through which the *portero* can, before opening, challenge the one who knocks. In the walls are traces of port-holes that were formerly used in defending the inmates from bandits or revolutionists in time of civil strife. This is not a part of the modern house, but simply an indication of what was once necessary when this fair land of Mexico did not enjoy tranquillity. That day is past, and is it any wonder that the Mexican who remembers

those troublous times should revel now in the perfect safety and rest which he finds within his home?

Many of the wealthy have large and well-selected libraries, and, as a rule, are well read and acquainted with the literature of all countries, but more especially France and England. They have statues and pictures, often the work of well-known artists. But the mirror is the great favorite in parlor decoration. Sometimes the walls are literally covered with mirrors of immense size, set in massive gilt frames.

The *patio* is a very important part of the house. If the house is in the city and is two stories high the rooms surrounding the *patio* on the ground floor are devoted to servants, horses, carriages, etc., the family living above. Around the *patio* runs a corridor lined with pots of flowers, while in the center may be seen a fountain and trees.

The walls are profusely decorated, but evidently the harmonious blending of colors is of no consequence, the lack thereof frequently detracting from the beauty of the whole. The mural paintings are large, numerous, and usually very crude. In drawing-rooms you will see every foot of wall space covered with every variety of scene, not well, but gorgeously executed. This crudeness is usually found in the houses of such as have not been fortunate enough to have traveled abroad or come in close contact with foreigners.

Mexico is changing. Her people are paying us the greatest of all compliments—they are imitating us. He who would see Mexico as she was, he who would find delight in the quaint or romantic, must not delay his visit to Aztec land. Even now one must leave the large towns and get into the country homes before he can form any real idea of the people and their customs. Their table manners would mortally offend our dear friend Mrs. Grundy, for their idea of what

is right and proper is very different from ours. Some are willing to adopt European forms, while others think their own old ways superior and cling tenaciously to the customs of their forefathers.

Seldom is the father of a family seen to sit at the head of the table, but at one corner, and when a guest is present he is given the seat of honor in the master's place. When a special dinner is given neither the host or the guest of honor is seated at the head of the table. The American who "bolts" his dinner in less than half an hour will wonder how the Mexican manages to spend two or three hours at his meal.

But the Mexican has not adopted the hot pace of his northern neighbor even in his chase after the almighty dollar. He takes his time in everything, especially eating, and if he would have to hurry or over-exert himself to finish a thing to-day he philosophically says, "I will do it to-morrow." Servants never rush. Everything is served in courses, never are two dishes served at the same time, and each course has a complete change of covers.

First comes the *copita* of brandy or special kind of wine. During the meal claret or *pulque* is taken. *Pulque* is the juice of the *maguey*, a species of aloe. A wine bottle full is worth three cents, and the daily consumption in Mexico City alone is more than a hundred car-loads. Children will sometimes cry for water and be refused. One, two, and sometimes three varieties of soup are served. Meat, including fish or fowl, is the principal article of food, being served in five or six courses. The ever-present gravy or sauce is seasoned with chilli at all temperatures up to boiling-point. Just how many varieties of this there are no one seems to know. Their number seems to be legion. They are of different colors, so that each new dish deceives the eye, and you imagine there is coming a grateful change, but alas! all taste alike, save that the last is hotter than the first. The extent to which it is used must be seen to be realized. Children not able to talk plain will say "*no pica*" (it isn't hot), when it would almost take away your breath.

Fresh vegetables of an excellent quality are to be had the year round, but are received with little favor. Corn bread, known as *tortillas*, and made in the shape of a thin griddle-cake, is what is generally eaten, wheat bread having but a small consumption. This bread often serves a triple purpose, that of a spoon, napkin, and article of food. Where we would use a spoon or fork they will tear a *tortilla*, twist a piece of it in the shape of a spoon, and use it as dexterously as a Chinaman does his chopsticks. *Frijoles* (beans) are present three times a day every day in the year. The dessert generally served resembles soft candy or jelly. Fruit is eaten only at the midday meal. Last comes the cup of tea or coffee. In a well-ordered house dishes are not scarce but only a certain number are in use, so there is always a wait between courses while the dishes are being washed. Tea is never drunk from the cup but is always sipped from a teaspoon, almost the only time the latter article is pressed into service. Generally two and three cups are taken, so that it requires from a half to three quarters of an hour to complete the operation. There is but little variation in the bill of fare. In the dining-rooms the floors, which are of brick or stone, are spread with mats, the receptacles of the refuse from the table.

With all their seclusion from the outside world, once within the house all space is common property. All the rooms open into one another and often the only entrance to a bedroom is through another. The privacy so dear to us seems of no moment to them.

When a death occurs the body is generally interred at the end of twenty-four hours. The crape remains on the door for nine days, and during this time the inmates do not leave the house, but the relatives, dressed in the deepest mourning, visit them. There are always many relatives. Families are large and they claim relationship as far as they can trace any. First cousins are called cousin-brothers and cousin-sisters. Uncles and aunts are called uncles or aunts *carnal*, the first cousins of the parents being called uncles or aunts *second* to the children.

The sons and daughters have their Chris-

tian names, one, two, or three, as the case may be, followed first by the father's surname, then the mother's maiden name, joined thereto by the word "and." When a daughter marries she drops her second surname and replaces it with her husband's, which is joined to her own first surname by the preposition "of." When persons are introduced they pronounce their own names and place themselves at the service of the other.

I once had the opportunity of spending Christmas in a Mexican family in a country town. The festivities last throughout the nine nights preceding Christmas. Each night a large earthen jar is fancifully decorated with colored tissue paper, filled with fruits, candies, and nuts, and then suspended from a pulley in the ceiling. Each person in turn is given a stick and, blindfolded, tries to break the jar. If the others see that the aim be true it is quickly jerked out

of the way by means of the pulley. Finally, when the sport has lasted long enough, some one is allowed to break it. The contents falling to the floor, a general scramble ensues to pick up the good things. Sometimes it is a blank, or is filled with sawdust, and then there are wry faces among the children. The person who is successful in breaking the jar, or *pinjata*, as it is called, on the eve of Christmas, gives the *posada*, or feast, the following year.

On Christmas eve a bank is raised across one end of the room on which is a representation, in miniature, of the night, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, when Joseph and Mary journeyed toward Jerusalem. The way is lined with pilgrims and animals, and in the center is the inn with the Babe and the wise men and the angels. The effect is heightened by the light shed from many candles and by the chanting of Christmas carols.

LIQUEFIED AIR.

BY GEORGE F. BARKER, M.D., LL.D.

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

AMONG the most striking of the recent discoveries of modern science are those which relate to the transmutation of matter from one physical state or condition to another. By heating ice it becomes water, as we very well know; and on cooling the water it returns again to ice, so that we are led to ask whether this law is absolutely general, whether every known form of solid matter will become a liquid if the temperature be raised sufficiently, and every known gas also become a liquid if cooled to the proper point of temperature. To-day science is able to answer both these questions in the affirmative. Even the metals platinum and tungsten are detected by the spectrum of their vapors; and the last of the gases, hydrogen and helium, have been liquefied in the experiments of Dewar.

All the processes now in use for liquefying air on a commercial scale are based on

the principle of cooling by expansion, which was first employed for this purpose by Cailletet in 1879. It has long been known that when a gas is compressed it is heated, and when it is expanded it is cooled. In Cailletet's process the gas to be liquefied was compressed in a special apparatus to several hundred atmospheres, being simultaneously cooled in a freezing mixture. Then by opening an outlet the pressure was relieved and the gas was allowed to expand suddenly. Thus at its own expense the gas was cooled to so low a temperature that a portion of it was liquefied and appeared as a distinct mist within the tube. In this state of cloud-like drops the gas is called a "dynamic" liquid, in distinction from the ordinary quiescent or "static" condition, showing a meniscus.

In 1885, Solvay combined the principle of expansion with that of regeneration, suggested by Siemens. The air to be liquefied

is compressed, cooled by water, and then allowed to expand. The cold thus generated is utilized to cool the entering compressed air by circulating the cold air about the tubes until finally a temperature is reached low enough for liquefaction. Ten years later Linde showed an apparatus at work in Munich upon the same principle. It consisted of an air compressor, an ordinary cooler, and two interchangers, and could liquefy several liters of air per hour.

In the same year, Charles E. Tripler of New York, who had some years before conceived the idea of liquefying gases by their own expansion and had applied it to several of the more easily condensed gases, succeeded in producing liquid air on a commercial scale. His apparatus was not only much larger than any before used, but it was more efficient, the flow of liquid beginning within fifteen minutes after starting the pump, and the liquid air being delivered at the rate of two or three gallons per hour. The plant at present in his laboratory consists of a triple-cylinder compression pump worked by a steam engine of about sixty horse power, the first cylinder compressing to 65 pounds, the second to 400 pounds, and the third to 2,500 pounds per square inch, the air being cooled by water circulation at each stage of compression. The compressed air, after passing a separator, is collected in storage tanks and then passes to the liquefiers. These consist of double-walled metal cylinders, well lagged, within which are three sets of small coiled copper tubes, each terminating at bottom in a minute opening, closed by a needle valve. The compressed air, passing through these coils, issues from these needle-holes, expands, and cools itself to a low temperature. It then streams backward over the outside of the coils, cooling them, as well as the entering air, very considerably; this action continuing until finally the temperature of liquefaction, -191° , is reached. The liquefied air collects in the outer cylinder and may be drawn off by a tap at pleasure.

The liquid air as it runs from the liquefier might easily be mistaken for hot water, since it is enveloped with a dense vapor fog,

due to the condensation of the surrounding moisture. Collected in a metal dipper, in contact with the air, it boils and fumes actively. It has a slight milky color, due to the solidified moisture and carbon dioxide existing as impurities in the air. These may readily be filtered out, and then the liquid air becomes perfectly clear and transparent, though possessing a distinctly bluish color. This blue color belongs to the oxygen which forms one fifth part of the air by volume. When the oxygen is pure its color is a deep blue; and ozone, its condensed form, is indigo blue. The density of liquid air is 0.910 gram, corresponding to four volumes of liquid nitrogen of density 0.850 gram and one volume of liquid oxygen of density 1.124 gram.

The boiling-point of liquid nitrogen is -193° , that of liquid oxygen being -180° . So that when mixed in liquid air, the nitrogen boils off faster, and the liquid is left continually richer in oxygen, causing it not only to become bluer but also denser, so that finally it contains seventy per cent of oxygen. When a dipperful of liquid air is poured on the surface of water, the higher temperature of the water causes it to assume the spheroidal state, and it rolls about in the form of a globule, evolving dense fumes of water vapor. In proportion as the residual liquid becomes heavier by the evaporation of the nitrogen, it sinks into the water in great globules, going successively deeper until at last they reach the bottom.

When poured into a tumbler, liquid air at first boils violently until the glass is cooled, becoming then more quiet. A touch of the hand upon the glass, or immersion in ice water, renews the ebullition. All boiling ceases at once if the tumbler be placed in a dipperful of liquid air. If a large test-tube be one half filled with liquid air and then closed with a cork having a glass tube passing through it and extending to the bottom, it becomes quiescent when immersed in liquid air; but on holding it in the hand, or, still more, on plunging it in water, a jet of fuming liquid air is driven to the ceiling, like a fountain, forced out by the pressure generated within the vessel by the entering heat.

At every temperature short of the absolute zero gases exert pressure, this pressure increasing with the temperature. The pressure exerted by liquid air at -191° , its boiling-point, is only one atmosphere; but oxygen at -118° exerts a pressure of fifty atmospheres, and nitrogen at -146° one of thirty-two atmospheres. When liquid air is confined, therefore, the pressure it develops is enormous, in theory ten or twelve thousand pounds to the square inch. When a heavy copper tube, one fourth of an inch thick, closed at one end and supported in a stand, is one half filled with liquid air and then closed with a wooden plug driven in with a hammer the pressure developed in a few seconds will drive out the plug to a height of 150 to 200 feet with a loud report. Since it cannot be confined, therefore, liquid air is ordinarily transported in open vessels. That which has been sent to me from New York was contained in a covered cylindrical tin can holding three or four gallons, enclosed in an outer similar can, the space between the two being closely packed with hair-felt. In this way the liquid air can stand a journey of a hundred miles, losing not more than twenty per cent by the way.

By using the Dewar double globes, however, the liquid air is admirably protected from outside heat. If it be carefully filtered no ebullition takes place in these globes, the evaporation being superficial and very slow. Dewar himself estimates that in such a double bulb, having the interior one silvered, or in a triple bulb, the liquid air may be retained for from thirty to thirty-five times as long as in a single globe. In the ordinary single globe, moreover, the evaporation of liquid air causes by its intense cold deposition of moisture on its surface, forming a layer of frost half an inch or more in thickness. With a Dewar bulb no frost at all is formed on the outer surface, and the bulb may be handled without difficulty. In contact with the hand, liquid air assumes the spheroidal state and if inclined rolls off without wetting it. The liquid may be stirred with the finger without danger. But when forced in contact with the skin a serious burn is produced.

One of the most remarkable of the results obtained with liquid air is its effect upon the properties of many substances. The question may be asked, How can such a low temperature as -191° be measured? An ordinary thermometer would be of no service for such a purpose. The researches of Dewar and Fleming upon the effect of intense cold upon matter have shown among other things that the electric resistance of metals decreases uniformly with the temperature. Since the platinum resistance thermometer has been shown by Callendar to be thoroughly reliable, we may regard -191° , the boiling-point of air, as a known temperature. Under these conditions it is found that many substances become brittle. Paraffin, rosin, paper, and especially ice, immersed in liquid air may be crumbled to powder between the fingers. A soft rubber tube becomes as hard as glass. Ordinary tin plate is rendered brittle and crystalline and may be broken like glass. Other metals, as copper and aluminum, while not rendered brittle, have their tenacity greatly augmented, and fusible metal becomes elastic.

Liquid mercury, which freezes at -40° , is readily solidified in liquid air. A bar of it provided with a handle may be used to drive a nail or to support a heavy weight. Alcohol, which solidifies at -130° , is frozen when placed in a tumbler with liquid air, becoming syrupy as it melts.

The phenomena of combustion in liquid air are striking. When first drawn from the liquefier, a lighted match does not burn in it more actively, nor does it relight if a spark be left upon it. But as the oxygen accumulates, the liquid and its vapor become energetic supporters of combustion; so that a bit of paper or of cotton waste dipped into it and lighted flashes like gunpowder. Even hair-felt, which is not itself inflammable, burns intensely after wetting it with liquid air. If a drop or two of oil be put on a piece of twisted newspaper and wet with liquid air, it explodes like a firecracker on ignition. And if a few threads of oily cotton waste be drawn into an open gas pipe and saturated with liquid air, the explosion on lighting is like that of a twelve-pound

cannon and the iron pipe is burst into fragments.

A thin band of steel or a steel pen in its holder, having a bit of match at the end to light it, burns actively both in the liquid air itself and in its vapor, giving off vivid scintillations and letting fall globules of liquid steel, which even under the intensely cold liquid fuse themselves into the glass of the containing tumbler. A carbon rod heated to redness burns with a vivid light in the liquid air and produces solid carbon dioxide.

An experiment of Professor Dewar's with liquid air is interesting. Oxygen, as is well known, is magnetic, while nitrogen is not. If, therefore, some liquid air be placed near the poles of a powerful electromagnet, it will be observed that when the current is turned on, the liquid as a whole will be drawn toward the poles.

If one of the Dewar globes be filled with very clear filtered liquid air it may act like a lens to concentrate radiation. Placed in the path of a parallel beam of the electric light, and holding at the focus a piece of blackened paper, this is at once set on fire, a hole being burned through it. Here evidently it cannot be heat, as such, which thus passes through a medium at a temperature of nearly 200° below zero. Science tells us that what passes through is the ether waves constituting radiation, these waves producing heat when absorbed by matter.

The production of phosphorescence in organic substances in general is another curious result of the action of these low temperatures. An ivory paper-knife which of itself does not phosphoresce when submitted to the electric beam, glows brilliantly in the dark with a pale green light after being cooled in liquid air before exposure. So paper, silk, kid, feathers, paraffin, and even an egg, after being subjected to this very low temperature, exhibit phosphorescence. But it is remarkable that phosphorescent substances themselves thus treated lose entirely their peculiar property.

The question naturally arises, What are the practical applications of liquid air? To what uses may it be put which will give it a commercial value and prove of benefit to

mankind? The most obvious application is to purposes of refrigeration. As early as 1884, Wroblewski, in whose hands air was first liquefied, predicted that liquid air would be the refrigerating agent of the future, and his prophecy seems about to be realized.

Again, the remarkable effects of these low temperatures upon matter must result in the discovery of new properties most useful in the arts. For example, from Dewar's observation that the electric resistance of a metal decreases with temperature, it follows that in proportion as a conductor is cooled the loss of energy in transmission decreases until at the absolute zero there is no loss.

Finally, the most important application of liquid air, probably, is as a source of power. This is the project which Mr. Tripler has now in hand. The economical conversion of heat into work is one of the great problems of the day. To produce twenty per cent of the energy of coal in mechanical work instead of ten, a result theoretically possible, requires a complete revolution in methods. Who shall say that by the use of liquid air it shall not be possible to contrive a means whereby the enormous amount of heat energy stored in the very atmosphere about us may be utilized. Moreover, as an explosive agent, whether in virtue of its expansion or of its intense activity in accelerating combustion, it has no equal. Properly controlled, its use in warfare may supplant even gun-cotton and nitroglycerin.

It is wonderful to reflect upon the narrowness of the limiting conditions under which we exist. Lower but a few degrees the mean annual temperature and our very atmosphere would liquefy. Raise it a few degrees and the very rocks and metals of the globe would become gaseous and precipitate themselves as a white-hot mineral rain. A slight pressure change, a change in the time-rate of events, and all our experiences in this world would go for nothing, this new state of things being now inconceivable to us. He is the genuine student of nature who believes in the probability of inconceivable things and who foresees from afar the coming of these things.

[All temperatures given in this article are Centigrade.]

OVERHEAD TRAMWAYS.

BY HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.



THE SPAN ACROSS NEW RIVER, ROYAL COAL AND COKE COMPANY'S TRAMWAY, PRINCE, W. VA.*

OURS is surely a transportation age. Nothing else is either so fundamentally characteristic of the century just closing or so far-reaching in its results as is the sum total of modern achievement in moving people and their belongings from one place to another. It is not extravagant to say that the railroad has made these United States possible, for it is the intricate network of rails that has bound together, through constant inter-communication, the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, that has made the dwellers on the Great Lakes and the Texas cow-punchers realize their common bond of American citizenship; and without some such agency it would be difficult to conceive how any genuine, deep-founded national feeling could arise.

The very fact that fifty years have seen the growth of American railroads from nothing to the monstrous total of nearly two hundred

thousand miles, valued at twelve thousand millions of dollars, is sufficient proclamation of the wonderful adaptability of this method of transportation; and even the uninitiated can appreciate something of the ingenuity civil engineers have been forced to bring into action, when brought face to face with one of the twisting, squirming, doubling lines that have been laid across the Rockies, or, in fact, through any badly cut-up country. Yet the very men who have accomplished such apparent impossibilities of location and construction would be the first to point out the ineradicable defects of the railroad and its entire uselessness under certain conditions. Its limitations of grade and curvature, to say nothing of its cost, are serious handicaps always, but when the problem is, say, to carry ore down the steep side of a mountain to a valley hundreds of feet below, anything in the nature of a railroad is simply out of the question.

Right here the wire ropeway, or overhead tramway, finds its reason for existence. It

*The illustrations used with this article, with the exception of the one on page 536, are from photographs loaned by the Trenton Iron Company.

bears to its more ponderous prototype much the same relation that a light field-battery does to a park of siege-guns. With an absolute disregard for grades or changes in direction it can be put into operation anywhere, works equally well on a level, sandy plain or up and down a precipice, and will convey several hundred tons a day safely and economically. It is no wonder that during the last ten or fifteen years more and more attention has been paid to this form of transportation, and the consequent improvements in the various systems have resulted in their still wider introduction all over the world. Very recently, since the Alaska gold-madness began to assume such striking proportions, the idea has been especially brought to public attention by its application to the difficult problem of getting into the gold region of the Yukon basin.

The situation here was remarkable and picturesque, as every one will recall who kept up at all with the reports that flooded the newspapers before the war drove away all other interests. The arrival of the first gold-laden steamers and the tales told by the successful Argonauts had set the whole Pacific coast in a blaze of excitement, which was not without many sporadic reflections all over the country and even in Europe. There were thousands upon thousands of prospectors whose sole idea was to reach Dawson City or some of the other promising spots along the Yukon. How to get there was not so plain. The mouth of the mighty

river (as large or larger than the Mississippi) lay thousands of miles from civilization, far away to the northwest, and only to be reached by a long and unsafe voyage, on top of which came the tedious journey up the stream. Its headwaters—a chain of lakes which afforded ample facilities for water transportation, and from which the traveler could drop down with the current to his destination—these were but twenty-seven miles from the village of Dyea, on an inlet easily accessible from every port on the Pacific.

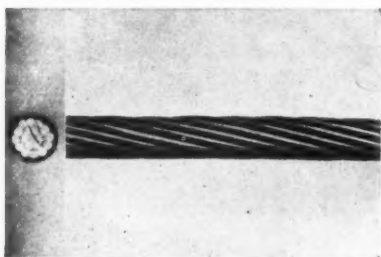
Moreover, nearly half of this route was comparatively easy traveling. Yet in that remaining trifling distance there were ob-



SECTION OF THE ROYAL COAL AND COKE COMPANY'S TRAMWAY, PRINCE, W. VA.

stacles so unsurmountable that the Dyea trail was soon blockaded with a long procession of chafing, impatient travelers, unable to proceed, unwilling to turn back, waiting for a chance to traverse that little space between them and Lake Lindeman, between the straining delay and the yellow gold which drew them on.

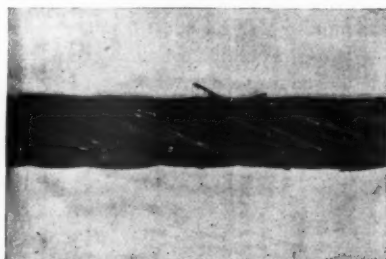
Before them towered a mighty mountain range, rising up to thirty-five hundred feet above the sea level, the trail one over which an active man would have great difficulty in making his way even without the ice and snow and storms, and, most of all, the encumbering load of stores and tools, without which none dared to venture into the unknown. It was as if the frost giants of Norse fable had hurled this colossal, rugged, forbidding barrier into the path



SMOOTH COIL TRACK CABLE, NEW.

of those who sought to carry off their golden sands. By the cruel irony of fate, the men who had blindly rushed hither were suddenly confronted with preliminary hardships and obstacles whose overcoming demanded more of life than had their previous weary struggle for the same end. And for a time there seemed no way out of the dilemma. A railroad was of course absurd to contemplate; nothing but a great tunnel which would take years to complete was even possible along that route, and the many projects in other directions were all entirely on paper; but the demand was too great to remain long unsatisfied, and it looks at present as if the problem would be solved by an overhead tramway, which when completed will transport both passengers and outfits across this daunting Chil-koot Pass in a few hours and at an average

cost of not more than thirty or forty dollars—it took, last fall, several weeks with the best of luck, and often cost ten or even twenty times the above sum.



LONG LAY WIRE ROPE, WORN FROM USE.

One section of this cable road, three and a half miles long and stretching from Canyon Camp, near Dyea, to Sheep Camp, where the worst part of the ascent begins, has been actually completed, and it is said that despite its disconnected state it has been taking in some fifteen hundred dollars a day. When it is carried through to Lake Lindeman its promoters will probably have the best paying "gold-mine" in Alaska, unless some unexpected falling off in the gold output should operate to discourage the throngs who are still unaffected by the warlike excursions and alarms that have so plentifully besprinkled our recent experience.

This tramway is of what is known as the "Bleichert" pattern, from the name of the German manufacturer who adapted and improved the original English patent. It



SMOOTH COIL TRACK CABLE, AFTER FOUR YEARS' USE.

consists in effect of a series of wooden towers, each of which is crowned by a pair of cross arms supporting a stationary wire cable, five eighths of an inch in diameter,

made of heavy strands of "plough steel," and with an ultimate strength of thirty-six thousand pounds. Upon this fixed cable runs a two-wheeled carrier, from which is suspended, by a light iron frame, the buckets or cars meant to convey the load. The motive power is applied by means of a smaller endless traction rope to which the car is connected by a patent grip on the frame and which runs over a great spool at each end. The power is supplied by a steam engine at one of the terminals. The buckets, of course, go along one side of the supports and return on the other, and the contrivance by which they pass the cross arms is most ingenious. They can, moreover, be detached from the traction rope with ease, affording all necessary facilities for loading and unloading.

To any one accustomed to railroads, the most surprising thing about laying out a tramway of this sort is its flexibility. Theoretically one has but to pick out the ridges along the route and erect a tower on each, for so long as there is room perpendicularly for the sag between two supports, the distance between these may be increased almost indefinitely. The longest span on this Chilkoot line is about a third of a mile, but there have been several instances where spans of half a mile have been operated successfully, and one of the originators of the system has constructed a road containing a span of fifteen hundred yards and has just designed one where the distance between two supports is nearly a mile and a quarter. "If your valley between is deep enough," an expert declares, "you can stretch as far as you choose without an intermediate support." Moreover, there is no wearisome laying out of curves of a certain degree, for these overhead cable roads can have an angle at every support if it is necessary. Of course it was not exactly a pleasure trip, though, making even this survey through the Chilkoot Pass,

and the general traffic congestion made the shipment of building materials an exceedingly tedious business. The wood for the towers was easily obtained, but the lumber for stations and power-houses, and all the iron-work, had to be obtained in the face of the most exasperating transportation conditions, the steamers being often so loaded with better paying passengers and outfits that they would flatly decline to carry any heavy freight. Another similar project, which was to have connected Dyea and Lake Lindeman a month ago, has apparently succumbed to a combination of these obstacles, unfortunate financiering, and a withdrawal of interest owing to the war.



BUCKETS OF THE SOLVAY PROCESS COMPANY'S TRAMWAY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

These tramway buckets carry from four to six hundred pounds at a time, and since they can be sent out at intervals of less than half a minute it is easily possible to maintain a rate of twenty tons an hour. In many lines more than double this amount can be transported. One of the most novel features about this Chilkoot Pass road is that it will transport passengers as well as freight, and it is claimed that it is the first line of the sort to be built with this end in view. This sounds, however, like more of an experiment than the facts warrant, for, while such use is nominally prohibited on the many mining tramways throughout the West, the miners in many localities have long



A VIEW ALONG THE LINE, GOLD KING TRAMWAY, GLADSTONE, COL.

made a regular practice of riding to and from work in the ore-buckets. Indeed, Mr. W. T. H. Carrington, one of the foremost authorities on the subject, tells how, when constructing a reservoir on an inaccessible bluff above Cape Town, South Africa, the ropeway used for transporting bricks and mortar proved so entirely efficient that the municipal authorities availed themselves of it in making their official visit to the reservoir, despite the fact that the last long span rose almost perpendicularly to the top of a high cliff.

Another excellent test—from an advertising standpoint—along these lines has been made near Pieritte, a little village in the south of France, close to a fashionable watering-place at Caunterets. There is a picturesque ropeway here used to convey ore from a mine, and the novelty attracts much attention from the thousands of travelers, many of whom have adventurously made the ascent with its aid. Among these visitors were Lord Randolph Churchill

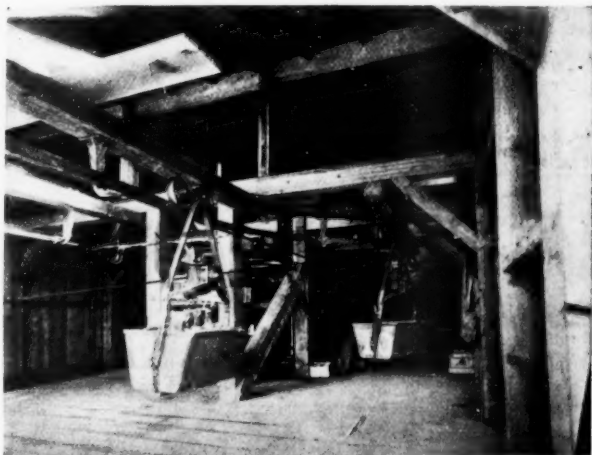
and Sarah Bernhardt, and the latter is said to have been so delighted at experiencing this new sensation that she declared it to be in itself worth a trip to the south of France.

There is no doubt, therefore, but that the overhead tramways can be utilized to some extent for passenger traffic; but it must be confessed that this phase of its usefulness still needs some development and demonstration. As at present designed, the traveler must have a clear head and a fair share of "steeple-jack" qualifications; and the fact that the miner's head is unfortunately not always clear hardly needs the emphasizing which has been given it by sundry tales of drunken workmen and their mishaps with passing tramway buckets. And while one on *terra firma* can theorize with absolute satisfaction upon the merits of the toggle-jointed grip (which, it is claimed, cannot possibly slip or lose its hold on the rope, be the grade what it may), it requires but little experience to

credit the assertion that a "change of perspective" is apparent when upon the integrity of that same grip depends one's own life.

It is really not so important as it may seem, however, that this portion of the enterprise should prove successful; the impossible part of the journey has been not to get one's self but the necessary ton-weight of outfit over the mountain, and this latter feat the tramway can surely achieve. It is impossible just at present to learn with any accuracy what is the condition of affairs in Dyea and the trail leading out from it. The newspapers have concentrated upon the war to such an extent, and the reports are so contradictory, that it is not known

of course, intimately connected with the development of the Alaska gold country; should the first steamers which reach the Pacific coast this summer bring much less ore than has been expected there would probably be a great falling off in this



INTERIOR OF LOADING TERMINAL, GOLD KING TRAMWAY, GLADSTONE, COL.



INTERIOR OF DISCHARGE TERMINAL, GOLD KING TRAMWAY, GLADSTONE, COL.

with certainty how much of an obstruction the great snowslide of two or three months back has proved. It is certain, as stated above, that one section of the tramway is in operation and work on the rest is being pushed all the time. Its ultimate fate is,

it. The real originator of the tramway was Charles Hodgson, an Englishman, and the newness of the idea is plain from the date of his first patent, 1868. The Mr. Carrington before mentioned, a civil engineer associated with Hodgson almost from the inception of

season's pilgrims. If, on the other hand, the Klondike fulfils but a small proportion of the flamboyant predictions made in its behalf, the future of any system of transportation crossing the mountain barrier will be assured for at least several years.

This "Bleichert" system which has been described is by no means the only form of ropeway, and it seems probable that Mr. Bleichert was the inventor of only a few details in connection with

his scheme, is still living and constructing ropeways, and he has furnished in a recent paper many interesting details about the growth of the experiment. The original patent covered the two general principles of wire-rope transportation found in all the systems now being operated, one being the fixed rope from which loads depended and along which they were drawn by a moving cable, the other merely a traveling cable which at once supported and carried the freight-buckets. What is known as the "Hallidie" system, the first to be widely

but by gravity, the weight of the descending loaded buckets being utilized to elevate the empty ones. This is, of course, applicable only to very special conditions, such as removing stone or ore from a hillside to the valley below.

As might be expected, the circumstances of their introduction have tended to give each of the three main varieties of ropeway a quasi-national character, and in general America has adopted the Hallidie system, Great Britain and her colonies the Hodgson, and the Continent the Bleichert.



PIER AND TRAMWAY, POINT BOYER, TRINIDAD.

introduced in America, is a variation of the single cable idea, whose most characteristic feature is that the metal clips holding the buckets are fastened permanently to the rope. The various styles of "haulage plants," whether of the "tail-rope" pattern (in which the loaded cars are drawn by one rope and the empties by another) or the "endless rope," run continuously in one direction, present no fundamental divergences from one or the other of these plans; but there is one class possessing very individual features—those cable roads in which the power is supplied not by steam

There is a growing realization, however, of the absurdity of any such division. Each of these methods has its peculiar suitability for special cases, and this increased sanity of view has somewhat discouraged the various more ardent advocates, each of whom thinks his own pet plan is the only one. One of the largest manufacturers in the United States now recommends the fixed-rope idea as the most practicable in the majority of instances, and engineers as well as others are beginning to admit that the nature of the specific case must largely govern the choice.

Speaking very generally, the Hodgson-Carrington tramway will do its best work where grades are not too heavy, where the spans do not exceed six hundred feet and the individual loads are not over six hundred pounds; the Hallidie is particularly adapted to precipitous routes where the direction and level both change suddenly; and the fixed-rope plan can be operated economically where there are particularly heavy loads and a great deal of traffic.

In the thirty years since Mr. Hodgson took out his patent the wire tramway has extended its scope quietly but very steadily. There are hundreds of them doing excellent work throughout the West and in the mines of the Alleghanies. In the island of Trinidad a level tramway a mile long now conveys the asphalt direct from the great pitch lake to an iron pier a quarter of a mile out in the ocean, from which the loads are discharged directly into the vessels. In Haiti also a similar plant is intended to carry out the precious logwood whose saturation with dye material constitutes so large a part of

the Black Republic's wealth. This line is to be fifteen miles in length and will be built in three sections, each a complete road in itself but transferring one to the other, so that the journey is continuous. In Iceland, India, Australia, New Zealand, Cape Verde, and many another out-of-the-way corner of the globe the tramway is also proving its efficiency. In Mauritius there are fully sixty miles of the ropeway which has taken the place of the cattle swept away by an epidemic; and in the mountains of South America, Central America, and Mexico the still unconquered ruggedness has been successfully defied by this means.

No one would claim that the wire tramway is going to revolutionize transportation methods, but now that its value has been abundantly proved it will certainly prove an invaluable adjunct to the former possibilities, and it can hardly fail to be found applicable in many places where the lack of carrying facilities has heretofore been an insuperable obstacle to development.



SPAN OF 1,173 FEET CROSSING WARDNER, IDAHO, BUNKER HILL & SULLIVAN MINING COMPANY'S TRAMWAY.

THE DAILY PAPERS OF CHICAGO.

BY F. LEROY ARMSTRONG.

PERHAPS the most distinguishing feature of Chicago newspapers is a general spirit of independence, a freedom from domination—party or otherwise—and a disposition to print all the news. Next to that is the typographical beauty of Chicago newspapers. They are surely, taken as a whole, the handsomest daily journals in America. Apparently there is none of that dictation on the part of advertisers and none of that disfiguring riot of black type which is always destructive of the artistic appearance of a paper. They are handsome, with a uniform and symmetric arrangement of headlines, a care for that happy effect in display which pleases craftsmen and laymen alike; a rigid separation of the reading matter from the advertising portions of the paper. The critic, looking at them, sees the reign of the job printer—that artist in types; and even the general public, that knows nothing of “gothics” and “clarendons” and of “antiques,” realizes an agreeable impression in the very appearance of the page. Just when this era of advancement from the distressing ugliness of early daily newspapers began it would be difficult to say. Perhaps the old *Herald* had as much to do with impressing the art features of typography as had any one other influence. Almost from the beginning it was a beautiful example of the typesetter’s skill. And together with well-balanced lines went clean white paper and absolutely clear print. If the *Herald* led, the others were swift to follow; and no journal would be tolerated in Chicago to-day in which the ‘prentice hand appeared, or in which shoddy paper proclaimed a faulty taste and a false economy.

But no element of strength and no degree of enterprise is sacrificed on the altar of appearance. There is in the editorial control of them a shrewdness of perception and a strength of grasp, a facility

and power in treatment which are rarely excelled anywhere. They are newspapers, with the modern passion for a “story” and the modern habit of “playing it up.” But I think there is a more general attention to editorial expression than is common in the latter-day journalism of other cities. The reason for this is, probably, that the western reader more than he of the East has both time and inclination to read the thoughtful argument of capable writers. Out of a given number of newspaper patrons a larger percentage are editorial readers in Chicago than in New York or Boston. And it is simply a response to this demand which the editorial pages of Chicago papers illustrate.

I said they are newspapers, and they are. The most highly prized man in the office is he who has secured the most “scoops”; is he whose genius or whose luck encompassed the most notable of exclusive stories, and whose capacity for hard work—which is said to be the basis of all genius—most swiftly and most entertainingly wrote down the narrative. It may be this smacks a little of sensationalism. But Chicago papers seem rather more than commonly free from that defect. In no instance is there a disregard for truth or an indifference to effects. And a writer can in no way so quickly cripple his usefulness and terminate his service as in “drawing on his imagination for his facts”—no matter how admirable a story he may tell.

There was a day when the avowed policy of a great Chicago journal was to “raise hell, and sell the papers.” But so conscienceless a code would find small favor now.

Journalism has brought fortune to a number of Chicago men still in active service. Mr. Medill put all he had—cash and credit—in the *Tribune* at the beginning; and now, after something more than



GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN, OF THE "INTER-OCEAN."

half a century of labor, he is a millionaire several times over. His property is a princely investment, a magnificent dividend-earner, and as nearly secure an estate as man could own. Mr. Lawson has made several millions out of the *News* and the *Record*, and he has by no means dissipated the revenues they have earned for him. A generous—it has sometimes seemed a hazardous—proportion of his income has gone into extending the circulation of the two papers; but the policy seems to have won the approval of success, since the *News* alone is clearing over half a million dollars a year, and the two papers have reached a combined circulation of 400,000 copies daily. But one other paper in the country reaches such a total with its combined morning and evening issue.

With a single exception they are all "penny papers." Until 1896 the *Times-Herald*, the *Chronicle*, the *Inter-Ocean*, the *Tribune*, and the *Evening Post* each sold at two cents a copy. The *Record*, the *News*, and the *Dispatch* had long been penny papers. The *Tribune* led in the reduction and cut the price to one cent. Within two days the *Times-Herald*, the *Inter-Ocean*, the *Chronicle*, and the *Evening Journal* came down to the new level. The *Evening Post* alone, a paper of unusually high class, relying on a clientage that cares very little for the difference between one and two cents, maintained its former price, and really seems to have thriven by it.

The papers are all interesting, both in history and in present endeavor. The *Tribune*, patriarch among the morning



H. H. KOHLSAAT, OF THE "TIMES-HERALD" AND THE "EVENING POST."

papers, was an anti-slavery organ before emancipation, a Republican paper from the founding of that party. Mr. Medill has been identified with it from the beginning. He was a Free-soil editor in Ohio before coming to Chicago; and the strength of expression which made him a power in the early days has not yet departed. He still writes editorials, telegraphing them when away from home; and usually sending at the same time directions for other articles. Still controlling all departments, he is devoted to that page. Mr. William Van Benthuyzen, who for the past ten years has been the *Tribune's* managing editor, has recently accepted a similar position with the New York *World*, and is succeeded by Mr. James Keeley, promoted from the city editor's chair.

The *Inter-Ocean*, which was at first the *Republican*, made formal entry in 1872, when the *Tribune* provided an opening by sup-

porting the "Liberal Republicans," who indorsed Horace Greeley and opposed General Grant. From that day to the present the *Inter-Ocean* has been strongly, intensely Republican. It is one quality always present, and one on which the patrons may rely. And, as there is a large element everywhere that believes in party, that desires to believe in it, and that resents as treason any departure from the policy approved by party managers, the support of that paper is of the fixed and substantial kind.

The *Inter-Ocean* is the only paper in the city maintaining a weekly edition. Time was when they all ran weeklies; and there have been

semi-weeklies and tri-weeklies in Chicago. But one after another all have retired these, and have centered endeavor on the daily. The *Herald* had a widely circulated weekly, but discontinued it years ago. When the *Times* and *Herald* consolidated in 1895 the former paper brought over a weekly which had been a power in the rural districts. But that day had passed, and the *Times-Herald* management closed out that issue, refunding thousands of dollars of advance subscriptions rather than continue into a period which seemed to entail a positive—possibly an increasing—loss. The *Tribune* had, even before that time, stopped its weekly.

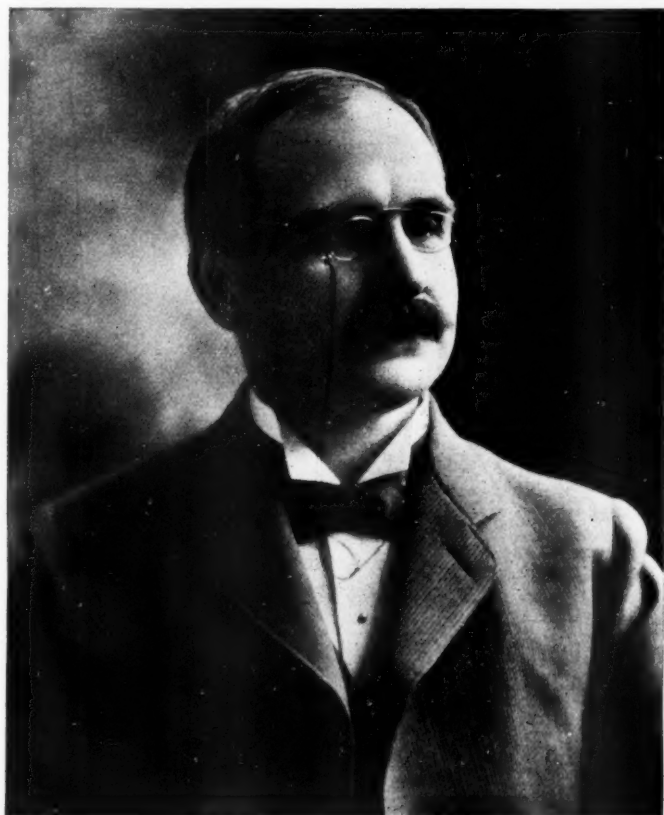
The *Times-Herald* is the result of an absorption; of that consolidating process which has made so many famous papers—the *Globe-Democrat*, the *Courier-Journal*, the *Commercial Gazette*, the *Mail and Express*, the *Commercial Advertiser*. The

old *Times*, founded by Wilber F. Storey, and conducted by him in phenomenally successful manner for many years as a Democratic paper, lost ground shortly after Mr. Storey's death. It went with some rapidity through successive managements, seeming to observers in general on the certain road to definite suspension. Yet so great a vitality did it possess that it persistently eluded that demise which threatened constantly. It is a difficult matter to start a paper and bring it to success, but once it is established, a management must be very bad indeed to kill it.

The *Herald*, started in 1881, had caught the flood of that tide which leads on to fortune, and was a competitor for the favor of the Democratic party from the time James W. Scott became publisher. He

had the financial backing of John R. Walsh, a self-made and wealthy man, and succeeded in drawing about him a very able corps of writers and a very capable company of business men. Probably no paper in Chicago has ever assembled so talented a staff as that of the old *Herald*. Not only were they able men, but they worked together with rare unison of purpose, proud of their paper, and content to record there the very best that was in them.

The *Herald* was greatly successful. By 1891 it was rich enough to start an evening paper, the *Post*; to buy land and construct for itself the most nearly perfect newspaper establishment in the country; to buy other land and remodel another building for the *Post*. But the burden was tremendous. The *Times* was still a competitor not to be



HORATIO W. SEYMOUR, OF THE "CHICAGO CHRONICLE."



VICTOR F. LAWSON, OF THE "RECORD" AND THE "NEWS."

despised—a competitor which in the succeeding months seemed to have found the fountain of youth and to have drunk there copiously. Mr. Scott effected a consolidation of the two papers, sinking the name of his own journal to second place in the hyphenating; and the *Times-Herald* was launched. Many men questioned the wisdom of the change. "If you have money enough to buy the *Times* you have money enough to beat it," said one friend whose advice Mr. Scott had asked.

Scarcely a month later Mr. Scott died suddenly in New York—a weary, disheartened, and exhausted man. The *Times-Herald* was burdened with a debt contracted by him, and based upon faith in his ability. The consolidation, instead of simplifying matters, positively doubled the com-

plications. It was the dramatic hour in the history of Chicago journalism.

Among the staunch friends Mr. Scott had won was H. H. Kohlsaat, a merchant who had accumulated a fortune. Being a Republican, he had owned—and exercised—a controlling interest in the *Inter-Ocean* some years before. He made a very generous offer to Mrs. Scott for her holdings, and bought both the *Times-Herald* and the *Evening Post*.

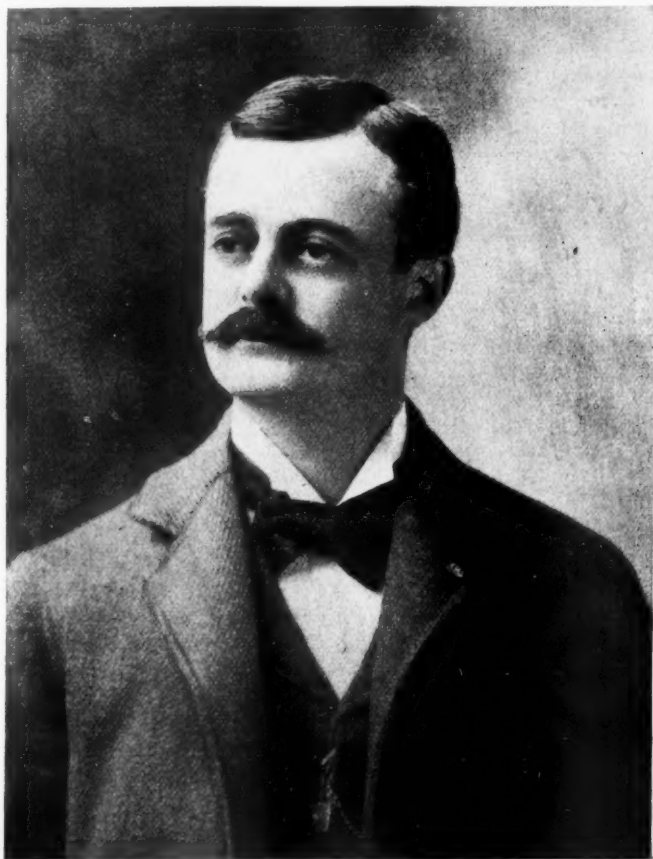
But he was not a Democrat, and could not run a Democratic paper. He changed the policy of both in a day. They became independent, but with a loyal support of the cardinal principles of the Republican party. They advocated a protective tariff, and—as the question gained in importance—adherence to the single gold standard in finance.

That seemed suicidal. There was the *Inter-Ocean*, intensely Republican all the time. There was the *Tribune*, identified for half a century with all for which the Republican party stands. What energy, what acumen, what courage and tact Mr. Kohlsaas displayed in accomplishing success—for he has achieved it—no man can measure. How much heavier was the load than even he imagined when he came to the rescue of his friend's estate he alone can say.

Mr. McAuliff, who had been night editor of the *Herald* and later managing editor of the *Post*, was called to the control of the morning paper; and Sam T. Clover, a writer of books and of verse, a traveler and

a trained newspaper man, took editorial command of the *Post*. Then Mr. Kohlsaas sold the *Evening Post* building and plant, bringing that paper into the *Herald* house. More than half of each building had been vacant from the first. Each plant had, of course, lain idle half of every day. By the new arrangement fixed charges were reduced to the minimum. At the same time a very generous use of money in adding to the desirable features of the two papers indicated an aggressive policy. The best material possible was secured, and the best prices were paid for it.

When the *Herald* was sunk in that strange union with the *Times*, Horatio W. Seymour, who had long been managing editor of the



JOHN C. ECKEL OF THE "DISPATCH."

former paper, left, and, with Martin J. Russell, a veteran journalist, started the *Chronicle*. It was—and is—the only Democratic morning paper. Its field was ready. It achieved success from the beginning. Much of the strength which had made the *Herald* famous and powerful was now incorporated in the *Chronicle*, its managing editor, Mr. Hallet, having proved his metal when the *Herald* was strong. It took the building and plant vacated by the *Evening Post*, and compelled at once that recognition which papers as a rule command only after years of labor.

Mr. Seymour himself is one of the most versatile of men. The printing office was his school. He learned the trade from the beginning. He read and remembered. He wasted nothing. When he came to the old *Times* in 1875 he knew the business. In 1879 he was night managing editor. In 1887 he was managing editor of the *Herald*—and without doubt the ablest editorial writer in Chicago. Yet so admirably balanced are his abilities that, being publisher of the *Chronicle*, he has achieved success as a man of affairs. It is not often one can say—as may truthfully be said of him—that one is both an able essayist and a sound financier.

The *Record* and the *News* are the morning and the evening editions of a paper started in 1880 under the name of the *News* alone. Three able young men struggled for six months to make that paper a success, and at the end had exhausted their resources and had accumulated a debt of some \$4,000. Victor F. Lawson, worth then probably \$100,000, in the course of settling the estate of his father, who had been a creditor, bought the *News* for its debts. Melville E. Stone, the master spirit of the old trio, became Mr. Lawson's partner and the managing editor. They caught the tidal wave of prosperity. Mr. Stone retired with a fortune. The morning paper is now the *Record*, with Charles H. Dennis as its managing editor, and the noon and evening editions are under the direction of Charles M. Faye. The news articles in both Mr. Lawson's papers are short, compact,

terse, and readable. Both are uncompromisingly independent. Both are particularly favored by busy men. And they appeal to the humorous side of life, for their first-page cartoons, illustrative of the passing thought, are models in caricature.

George Wheeler Hinman, managing editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, took charge in November, succeeding William Penn Nixon, who had been the directing force ever since the paper, under this name, has existed. It is a curious reflection that Mr. Hinman, who comes from the New York *Sun*, was trained in Charles A. Dana's school of journalism, and illustrates in his methods and policy much of the rugged genius of that man. And yet Mr. Dana once conducted the *Republican*—which was the name of this property prior to 1872—and failed dismally. He achieved fame and fortune with the *Sun*, and his pupil gives every promise of avenging on the same old battle-ground the defeat of that earlier day.

The *Journal*, always an evening paper, is really the oldest daily in Chicago in point of continuous publication. It was established in 1844 and was steadfastly Republican for half a century—for the principles it advocated before Fremont's nomination were those which the young Republicans in 1854 espoused. But it fell upon evil times in the stress of financial storm, and the very name of the good old *Journal* was threatened with erasure in consolidations that involved the *Press* and the *Mail*. But it finally became the property of George G. Booth, a man whose genius is displayed in the successful management of papers in many cities; and at once the old *Journal*, dropping all hyphens, leaped from a circulation of thirty thousand to more than three times that number. Its youth seems renewed; and, while it is independent in politics, it still insists on the protective tariff and the gold dollar of the ancient faith. Peter Finley Dunne, long with the Scott and Kohlsaats properties, is now managing editor.

The *Dispatch* was started in 1892, by Joseph R. Dunlop. The lines of policy were from the first somewhat unlike those

approved in the generality of offices, and both in reading matter and in advertisement the patron was likely to find much of a salacious character. Mr. Dunlop persisted in his chosen course, winning the success of a big circulation, but falling finally before an indictment in the federal courts, where he was at length convicted of sending obscene literature through the mails. The case was reviewed and affirmed in the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. Dunlop was sent to the penitentiary, where he remains to this day. His successors are entitled to no common praise for taking a paper so handicapped, correcting the faults which had proved so expensive, and winning with it anything like a public approval. Yet they have done no less. The former management has ceased entirely. The new control makes the *Dispatch* Chicago's one

outspoken advocate of the free-silver cause. Its managing editor, John C. Eckel, with twelve years of newspaper experience behind him, is still a young man, firmly convinced of the justice of his cause, and inspired with a purpose to deserve the success he is winning.

Taken all in all, a newspaper man may be proud of the Chicago newspapers. Their energy and enterprise in securing news from every quarter of the world, their care in its proper—and justly proportioned—presentation, their general adherence to rules of supervision which insure safe entrance to the family, and that recognition of art which has made their cartoons and illustrations copied everywhere, make the entire group most worthy members of that fourth estate which really yields the representative literature of the age.

MADRID.

BY E. HÜBNER.

TRANSLATED FOR "THE CHAUTAUQUAN" FROM THE GERMAN "DEUTSCHE RUNDschau."

ANY one who wishes to become acquainted quickly with a strange land is recommended for many reasons to visit first the capital city. Here all interests unite, here one sits at the source of information, from here one may quickly reach all parts of the country, whose peculiarities are often seen here *in nuce*. Paris and London teach it; Madrid forms no exception.

Madrid is much criticized for various reasons. For the most part its location is criticized, as it seems to me, with injustice. That it lies exactly in the middle of the country was not the sole reason why Philip II. raised this formerly insignificant place to a capital city. All large cities, such as Barcelona, Saragossa, Valencia, Granada, Seville, were and are the centers of strongly marked provincial, or, as one would now say, national characteristics, and on this account, entirely irrespective of the advantages and disadvantages of their position, are not suited to represent the idea of H—Aug.

state unity. However, Madrid is the capital city and that it is is very well understood.

It does not matter whether one arrives at the Atocha station, the south railroad station of Madrid, from Barcelona, from Valencia, and from the South, or if one comes from France and alights at the north station, which is really on the west side of the city, on the Manzanares River, Madrid rises high up on the commanding site. From the south the profile of many cupolas stands forth against the background formed by the beautiful ranges of the Guadarrama Mountains, on which the snow usually remains until late in April. From the Manzanares one has before him the magnificent royal palace and its broad extended terraces. The long ride from the station into the city leads from the Manzanares up past the imposing façades of the castle and the large theater through the street Arenál; from the Atocha through a part of the Prado, past the palace of the Cortes and through the Carrera de San Geronimo, one of the most

animated streets. On the plaza in front of the Cortes stands the statue of Cervantes, with the little wind-mill of white marble in remembrance of Don Quixote's battle.

But all roads lead to the center of centers, the Puerta del Sol, on which, or in whose vicinity, are situated the hotels. That this largest plaza of the modern city always bears the name of the city gate before which it at first lay—Toledo, Segovia, and many other cities have their "gate of the rising sun" from the Moorish time—is one of the many paradoxes with which one meets in Spain. The large fountain in the center, the front of the ministry of administration building, the few beautiful façades of high hotels and business houses in the style of the Parisian boulevards as they were in the time of Napoleon III., situated between the ten streets which radiate from the plaza—these constitute the framework. Within, from morning till evening and through the night itself, the never-resting life of a great part of the population wears itself out with recreation. Noise and disquietude are its element of life; the going and coming of the horse-cars, with their bell-ringing, and of all the other droshkies and wagons, especially on Sunday afternoons, when every one rides to the bull-fight; the groaning barrel-wagon, the running and shrieking of the news-vender, the promenading and sauntering, the sitting and the standing before the cafés—therein for the native lies the inexhaustible charm of the plaza, which fascinates the foreigner.

Since Madrid has an excellent system of water-works, the hundreds of poor country people from Galicia, the Gallegans, who, like the women water-carriers of Venice, had to carry water in wooden hods on their broad shoulders, day in and day out, up to the highest stories of the houses, are no longer seen at the fountains or at the wells remaining in the city. It often appears as if the whole of Madrid used the plaza as a waste-paper basket or a refuse pit. Dirt and penury are seen everywhere, though not in such an offensive way as on Trafalgar Square, London. The brightly lighted cafés are not to be compared with the

Italian; they have a smoky and beggarly appearance, which, with Thackeray, we call "shabby genteel."

That which draws strangers to Madrid first and foremost is not modern Spanish life, which one expects to find unsophisticated in other parts of the country, but the gallery of the Prado. Only the intelligent love for art, as it was possessed by Charles V., Philip II., and afterward in an especially conspicuous degree by Philip IV., and the inexhaustible wealth which formerly reached Seville from Peru have made possible the accumulation of such masses of art treasures. As Dresden for a century and more has been visited on account of its gallery, so for a shorter time has it been with Madrid.

The museum building on the broad avenue of the Prado, large, simple, imposing, like everything which sprung from the administration of Charles III., was not originally intended for paintings, but it serves its purpose after the manner of all enlarged and repaired buildings, on the whole, in a very suitable way. The large central gallery, with the portraits hung high on the walls, reminds one of the Louvre. Naturally the Spanish masters are particularly well represented, especially Velasquez. As to Murillo, the collection in the Academy of Art and the museum in Seville must appear supplementary. But the European reputation of the collection rests on its comprehensive abundance of works of the first rank from schools of all lands. Raphael and Titian, Dürer and Holbein, Correggio and Tiepolo, Rubens and Van Dyck may be seen in many of their best works. In this collection one could almost forget he is in Spain were it not for the prevalence of the reflected image of the monarchy of Charles and Philip.

If one, intoxicated with all the splendor of colors and forms in the pictures, steps out in the afternoon into the "salon of the Prado," he will see half of Madrid sitting on the comfortable settles or walking for pleasure on the broad promenade between the rows of settles, fanning and flirting.

On the other side of the Prado is the

wagon *corso*. In two closely crowded rows, many gorgeous and still more simple open wagons, all with two horses, drive up and down a good long hour before sunset.

In the middle a broad road remains free, on which drive the royal equipage, with magnificent Andalusian horses, and the four-horse carriages with powdered grooms, of whom there is a large number. In regard to numbers and the splendor of the equipages the *corso* of Madrid can assuredly be compared with those of the great Italian capital. Only Rotten Row shows a greater number of wagons and a more genuine magnificence. As to the beauty and elegance of the women and their toilets, as far as I am able to judge, Madrid excels all other cities.

At the afternoon walk in the Prado and in the Retiro one has an opportunity to convince himself that the climate of Madrid does not deserve such a bad reputation. In winter there are some raw days, but they are the exception. The heat of summer can be very disagreeable, yet it never rises to the Andalusian height and permanency. By the first of March there are delightful warm days when every one sits in the open air. May and June, September and October, are for the most part very beautiful; I could notice no great difference from the climate of Rome, which lies in the same latitude.

When it is dark the crowd in wagons and on foot shifts itself slowly from the Retiro and the Prado up the broad street Alcalá, past the high-projecting palace, in which the minister of war dwells, and the new Bank of Spain, lying opposite, or through the other streets which lead up into the city. The men fill the cafés, then they go into the theaters, and finally to the *tertulia* (club, or evening party). Every comparatively well-situated house receives, late in the evening, a company of house friends, the regular appearance of whom may be counted on. The *tertulianos* of the houses bring only the pleasure of conversation, and one contents himself with a glass of sugar-water or, at the most, of harmless liquor.

So the day ends in Madrid and another morning begins with the formal chocolate, enjoyed in bed. It is taken without sugar and milk. It is brought out with long pieces of toasted white bread, Spanish or French, or biscuits, in the little cups and saucers, without spoons. The regular breakfast, or the principal lunch of the large and small hotels, more than supplies the wants of the crowds, who content themselves with a couple of eggs or some dried fish and the fruits of the season, unless the early dinner, according to old and rural customs, makes the second breakfast unnecessary.

One learns from the newspapers more about politics than the other sides of public life in Madrid. In spite of all publicity it is very difficult to become acquainted with the secret mainspring of business transactions and with the intrigues behind the scenes, to which the daily newspaper for the most part makes remote allusions in witticisms and hints comprehensible only to the initiated.

The sessions of the Senate and the Cortes are carried out, on the whole, under the same forms as everywhere else. Only the southern temperament and the heated eloquence often lend to them a far greater liveliness than the subjects over which there is a discussion lay claim to.

Among the specially characteristic moments of Madrid life I count the entrance of the troops under O'Donnell after the campaign against Morocco in 1860. From the gate Atocha the procession moved up the street Alcalá to the Puerta del Sol and the castle. The women continually wound laurel wreaths from the masses of leaves, while the poets improvised sonnets and pressed them in manuscript into the hands of the heroes of the day, O'Donnell and Prim, and many other officers who were riding past. There was something of a comedy in it all, for most of them had been seen and greeted before, and the road over which they traveled in the slowest measure with many pauses was so long and so hot that the highest ardor of enthusiasm must have been temporarily cooled.

The relation between the officers and

subalterns is described as, above all, exemplary; in the war in Cuba and the Philippines this is continually exhibited.

King Alfonso XII. endeavored to correct many of the abuses in the Spanish army. This was the case with the often ridiculed large number of high officers, each of whom always had about him a second chief. Much of that which offends us the obstinate adherence to old customs explains. For example, there are the military orders. As a reward for bravery before the enemy the cross of San Fernando is repeatedly conferred upon the same person; one sees officers and soldiers near each other decorated with two and three crosses exactly alike. According to the old Roman method of decoration, the military badges of honor, the wreaths, lances, breast-plates, and bracelets, were always awarded in large numbers, according to rank.

Madrid is poor in large historical buildings. There are no Moorish remains at all. The old Alcázar in which Philip II. and his successors lived has made way for the new castle of Charles III. Among the old palaces and new public buildings there is nothing eminently deserving the name of art. The churches are not to be compared with those of the other large cities in the land, although there are among them buildings in the baroque style of architecture whose imposing beauty has recently begun to be appreciated again.

Among the buildings another class, of which foreigners do not generally obtain a glimpse, deserves to be mentioned. They are the palaces of the nobility. There are also beautiful dwellings of wealthy merchants, many of whom plume themselves on their new titles of nobility.

One of the public amusements which Madrid offers must not be passed over: the *toro* (bull), as it is called for short. It is little known that not only in the larger and medium-sized cities of the land at the annual fair or at certain festivals of the Holy One, but in Madrid, year in and year out, one entire Sunday afternoon a "half" *corrida de toros* is permitted, that is, a bull-

fight in which from six to eight bulls are engaged. The "whole," or *gran corrida de toros* required in olden times about six bulls in the forenoon and as many in the afternoon. The connoisseur affirms that the ancient fine art of fighting with the bull is no longer to be found. It has sunk to the level of a money-making business. In vain the defenders of this most national of all sports attempt to palliate it. They point at the stag, the boar, and the fox-hunts in England, at boxing and similar pugilistic *rencontres*, and even at students' duels. But their difference needs no words of explanation. I would leave the fighting itself and turn away from the brutal cruelty with which the bulls, little by little, and often wholly against their nature, are aroused to the extremest fury. The lightning-like presence of mind of which the gracious *chulos* must avail themselves in the ever-varying termination of the struggle in order to drive the sure thrust into the neck exactly between the shoulder-blades undoubtedly offers high interest, always supposing that the beholder's nerves have already been sufficiently blunted by frequently observing the bloody amusements. But there is a shocking slaughter of horses, which, under the powerful lancers, the *picadores*, with bound eyes, exposed to the thrusts of the long horns of the enraged bull, finally break down exhausted.

If the father wishes to make the festal day joyous for the children he promises them the bull-fight. Tender women and maidens, particularly from the lower and middle classes, give themselves up to the Sunday's pleasure with unfeigned gaiety; not often, however, for it is a rather expensive pleasure. The constant audience of women here as elsewhere at the horse-races constitutes the demi-monde; refined and cultured women avoid the spectacle. Yet the queen must occasionally pay her tribute to the national sport.

When one is weary of this bloody spectacle he can easily take refuge in the Retiro, which is almost vacant at this time. In its extended form as "Park of Madrid" it is one of the most beautiful pleasure-grounds

of which I know. It is not so neatly kept up as the *thiergarten*, but on account of the architectural rigidity of the design, the splendor of the forest growth, the large pond, and the broad open plaza near the shaded alleys and ways—above all, on account of its high position over the valley of the Prado—it excels the public gardens of other large cities. From the "Russian hill" in the northern corner—what there is Russian about it I have never been able to discover—one can obtain a charming view of the Guadarrama range. At sunset one sees from the terrace over the Prado the profile of the city standing out in sharp outline against the glowing sky, while toward the east the view over the treeless plateau, with its grandiose descents and indentations, ranges from the deepest blue to golden red.

There is but one city with which Madrid and its position can be compared, that is Rome. Madrid's environment and the entire road to the Granja and the Escorial remind one of the Campagna. Beautiful in their way are the views on the west side of the city, from the broad terraces and steps that lead up to the castle garden, the Campo

del Moro, and farther on to the Manzanares. South of the castle, where the new cathedral is being built, the viaduct over the highway toward Segovia affords a beautiful view. Similar to it is the view from the Hill de los Vistillos before the palace Osuna; on the right is the castle, with its gardens and terraces, which are specially beautiful in the fresh verdure of spring, and behind it is the whole range of grand hills. In front of the gate of Santa Barbara one also looks on solitary valleys and hills, as on the Roman Campagna.

I have often noticed that Madrid is one of the European capitals of which the fewest people are able to form a clear conception. For the most part it is seen through the cloud of obscure historical representation and it is ignored with a wholly groundless contempt. Many have discovered with pleasant surprise that Madrid in no way lives alone on the great past of Spanish power but that it leads a present life very real and sharply circumscribed with all the mistakes and weaknesses of a great and deep decline, but not without vital germs and many conditions of growth and prosperity.

A SCHOONER-ERRANT.

BY PERCIE W. HART.

A full-rigged ship is a r'yal queen,

Way-ho for Boston town-o!

A lady o' court is a barkentine,

An' now our anchor's down-o'.

A bark is a gal with ringlets fair,

A brig is the same, with shorter hair,

A top-sail craft is a racing mare,

But a schooner, she's a clown-o!

—*Chanty of the Sea-Cook.*

EVEN to this day there are seafaring individuals a-many who ascribe the whole chapter of incidents which befell the stanch schooner *Bonnie Lassie* to the fact of her having been painted a bright red. Such people argue that black is the only natural color for a vessel's hull, and has been so from time immemorial. Of course they admit that some few craft

may be encountered in the seas and harbors of the world colored dark green, gray, and even white; but these tints are the exception, and vessels so adorned are notoriously unfortunate in finishing out their charter parties. Any number of apparently reliable instances are given in order to prove the infallibility of this broad statement. Be this as it may, the bright red sides of the *Bonnie Lassie* were certainly something entirely new and radical in the way of ship-painting. Even landsmen could scarcely help noticing such a glaring originality.

The prime reason for such gaudy coloring lay in a whim of Josh Furnier's, and as he paid the bills for it nobody else had any

special right to cavil. In addition to owning the schooner Josh was also her sailing master, and being a careful body, unwilling to lose interest on capital invested, she was no sooner launched and equipped than he arranged a voyage. The *Bonnie Lassie* was a rather largish specimen, as Nova Scotian schooners go, planned with an eye to various diverse uses, such as carrying cattle to Newfoundland, fishing trips on the Grand Banks, and ordinary coasting freights. On a given date she was to make her initial trip in the last-named capacity. But the fates willed otherwise.

The town of Guysboro, Nova Scotia, the birthplace and home port of the *Bonnie Lassie*, lies far up at the head of Chedabucto Bay. What business a big tramp steamer, loaded down to the upper edge of her Plimsoll mark and bound for the States, could possibly have in that neighborhood is something that would be hard satisfactorily to explain before a board of marine underwriters. However, whether the reason lay in inefficient instruments, officers, or both, there she came and shoved her nose hard on a rocky reef.

When word of it was brought to him in the early morning, Josh Furnier became so excited that he ran out of his house without stopping to put on cap or jacket, or even to kiss his wife and baby girl. Luckily the *Bonnie Lassie* had not as yet taken on board any of her waiting cargo. Sail was quickly hoisted, hawsers cast off, and with Josh at the wheel—still bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves—the red schooner ran out of the harbor, intent upon offering aid to the stranded steamship. Several staid and reliable citizens of Guysboro who watched the vessel's departure from the wharf have repeatedly asserted that she seemed to kick up her heels like a very colt let loose to pasture, and that Josh had all he could do to handle the tiller even in that light breeze. However, leaving aside all supposititious phenomena, the schooner certainly proved herself a fast sailer upon this maiden effort, and Josh and his men were duly elated thereat.

Arrived at the helpless tramper, an inter-

val of dickering and bargain-making ensued, but the upshot of it was that the *Bonnie Lassie*, "for and in consideration of a certain sum, payable in United States gold coin or its equivalent," should tranship enough of the steamer's cargo to lighten the latter by the bow, and then proceed with it to Boston.

The opportunity for turning a number of honest pennies at a single stroke was not to be slighted, and Captain Furnier hunted up an extra jacket and cap among his crew, handed an explanatory note for his wife to an inbound fisherman, and at once began to carry out his part of the agreement. But there was an option clause in that written document made between himself and the tramper's captain which he had failed properly to consider. This involved carrying the salvaged cargo on as far as Baltimore, if the Boston agents so willed. It happened that they availed themselves of their privilege, and, moreover, upon arrival at the last-named port, the *Bonnie Lassie* was seized by the custom-house authorities, owing to some technicality concerning lack of proper consular invoices. Before she was released his Nova Scotian crew had returned home, but Josh, in no wise perturbed, picked up some disengaged sailors from the streets and docks of Baltimore and started for home.

That these fellows were efficient seamen was beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt, but they were also adventurers, and the combination wrought havoc in the plans of Josh Furnier. Scarcely was the red schooner clear of the land before they came aft in a body and informed the captain that they preferred Cape Colony to Nova Scotia as a destination, and that they intended to proceed thither in the vessel, with or without his consent. This was at a time when wondrous tales of easily obtained wealth were coming from the South African regions, and Josh found all attempts to argue the men into a more charitable frame of mind to be utterly without avail. The Nova Scotian skipper was no fool. Instead of risking a broken head, or perhaps even worse, he reluctantly

assented to their proposition and at once began to devise means for signaling the condition of his mutinous crew to any vessel that might chance to come near them. But the men were watchful enough to prevent any such contingencies, and, moreover, as they were well south of the regular track, they sighted very few sails on the long voyage. At one time it rather looked as if they might all perish from starvation, for the *Bonnie Lassie* had not been fitted out for any such cruise. But the seamen-adventurers managed so well as to make the island of St. Helena on their way, and, keeping Josh a secret prisoner down among the dunnage while in the neighborhood of law and order, there laid in a new stock of provisions. They reached Cape Town in due course of time, and the whole crew, Josh included, celebrated their safe arrival with an elaborate shore banquet.

Finding that to report the mutiny of his men officially would involve him in litigation and delay without accomplishing much more than a short term of imprisonment for the fellows, and his indignation being considerably abated by the tedious voyage, not to mention the killing of the fatted calf as aforetold, Josh allowed them to go their way scot free. No sooner had he reached this sage conclusion (doing equal honor to head, heart, and stomach) than he turned his attention toward finding another crew for the return voyage. But this proved to be no easy task, for all the men worth having were gold-crazy and bound for the interior.

Finally, by dint of heavy bribery and considerable strong drink he was able to secure three individuals. Of course they were not sailors. In fact, they were not very much of anything, one being a cripple, the second a poor vagrant in the last stages of consumption, and the third even worse equipped for the work than his fellows, inasmuch as he was a past master in the royal art of laziness. With this sorry crew Josh Furnier made shift to get up anchor and head away for the home port he had quitted so abruptly nearly eight months before.

But the storms off the Cape of Good Hope are proverbial for their long duration and intensity, and what with driving before them for weeks at a time, the poor steering of the others when Josh absolutely had to sleep, and the uncertainty of his cheap navigating instruments, he soon lost all reliable sense of position. At last he spoke a large ship, whose master informed him that they were now a few hundred miles directly to the southward of Mauritius.

Here was a pretty pickle, indeed! Nearly two thousand miles further from their destination than ever.

But Josh Furnier was not the man to be easily discouraged. He brought the red schooner safely into port at the above-named British colony, and wrote another long letter home to his waiting wife. He had done the same thing at Boston, Baltimore, and Cape Town, but of course he himself was without reciprocal news. However, he was no hand to worry over things that could not be helped, and at once set about preparing for still another start toward distant Nova Scotia.

With all the buffeting she had undergone it can well be understood that, while bran-new at the outset, the *Bonnie Lassie* now needed somewhat extensive repairs. This was especially the case with her chafed and ragged top-hamper. Moreover, the stores and provisions for the intended voyage were no inconsiderable item of expense. Josh found that the balance of the salvage money received from the agents of the stranded tramper at Baltimore had pretty well melted away. He tried hard to secure a westward freight, but Mauritius offered no opportunities of the kind. He was therefore perforce compelled to accept the next best thing and that chanced to be a cargo for Singapore, on the Straits of Malacca. With the advance charter-money he was enabled not only to make the needed repairs, but also to replace his decrepit crew with a gang of swarthy Lascars.

Captain Josh rather imagined that he had had some little trouble already with his crews, but they seemed as nothing com-

pared with what he had now to undergo. The Lascars were an unruly lot at the best of times, and with only a single Caucasian on board to hold them in subjection it can easily be imagined that they showed no signs of improvement. But affairs did not really culminate until after the vessel had delivered her cargo at Singapore and started upon the return trip in ballast. The Lascars had only their long creeses, while Josh possessed a shot-gun and two revolvers. Moreover, he managed to barricade himself in the after cabin, and with the shuttered port-holes of the saloon to fire through, he completely disheartened his dark-skinned assailants. Thwarted in their intention of murdering the lone skipper, seizing the red schooner, and entering upon a pleasing career of minor piracy, the Lascars finally took the two boats and fled. Luckily there chanced to be a dead calm at the time, although the regular swell kept the small schooner bobbing up and down like a floating cork.

The disgruntled Lascars had not long disappeared in the direction of the mainland before a big bark came down with the breeze and made out the distress signals which Josh exhibited. Her captain was full of sympathy for his deserted fellow skipper, but could do little to aid him. His own vessel, as he explained, was short-handed; and, moreover, Josh had to admit that he was without funds to engage another crew at the moment. The bark was bound for the coast of West Australia, and her captain finally made Josh Furnier a compromise offer. He would loan him a couple of hands, provided the *Bonnie Lassie* should proceed thither in company.

If the skipper of the bark had said the north pole, Josh could scarcely have done otherwise than accept. And so the red schooner followed along after the larger vessel, like an obedient child accompanying its mother, all the way to the land of the boomerang and kangaroo. Storms parted the ships once or twice, but such separations were only temporary.

Arrived at Perth, a new complication arose. Both freights and seamen were

abundant, but by far the best rates were offered for eastern sailings. In fact Josh found it hard to refuse a tempting offer which would take the *Bonnie Lassie* to Auckland, New Zealand. He had nearly made up his mind to decline it, however, when it was pointed out to him by the would-be charterer that being now in the very antipodes, either eastward or westward was an almost equally homeward direction. Josh accordingly accepted the New Zealand charter, remitted a generous draft to his wife, and started forth.

All of the foregoing crude details were conveyed in the letters which Captain Josh from time to time wrote home, and which were of course read aloud and publicly exhibited to the neighbors and towns-people. But from this point onward, nobody but Capt. Josh Furnier himself can give any precise narration; and for some unexplainable reason the subject is one which he absolutely refuses to enter upon. It is true that Mrs. Furnier received a postal card from him, dated and mailed at Rio Janeiro, Brazil, which proves that he had actually circumnavigated the globe in his red schooner; but the whole contents of this trivial communication consisted in the few words: "Arrived here with both masts gone and five feet of water in the hold. Ask Charley Barnes to get you a couple of good shots. J. F."

Just four years, two months, and one day from the time when Captain Josh ran down to his newly launched vessel in shirt-sleeves and unprotected head, a very fair storm trysail gale was raging around Chedabucto Bay. The wind was from the eastward and had the full sweep of the ocean in which to churn up the breakers which pounded like mighty trip-hammers upon the rock-girt coast. The long beach which nature seems to have designed to protect Guysboro harbor was doing its work nobly, although the narrow entrance upon the lee-side was well-nigh indistinguishable in the rush of water. So it had been all day, and so it continued until well along in the night.

Next morning very early Mrs. Furnier

was somewhat surprised to see a long-bearded, frightfully tanned man, attentively peering into the pen in the rear garden, which contained two extremely fat porkers.

"I'll have them critters butchered tomorrow, mother," remarked the individual in matter-of-fact tones, coming forward to greet her; "I told the hands that you would give them breakfast and some dry clothes as soon as you could get to —"

But the rest of his sentence was stopped

abruptly by the lips of his wife. For the cool intruder was surely none other than Josh Furnier.

And the red schooner? the *Bonnie Lassie*? Well, even the best of pilots sometimes make mistakes in entering Guysboro harbor on a dark stormy night, and with a falling tide. At slack water you could see the skeleton of the errant schooner for many a summer thereafter; maybe even now, for all I know.

LONDON CLUBS.

BY JOSEPH FORSTER.

LONDON is the head of the empire, and the clubs of the greatest city in the world represent the most concentrated form of British life. All the wealth and fashion gravitate to London, leaving such towns and cities as Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh a mere shadow-like existence. Fortunes are painfully amassed in the provinces and colonies, but they are, as a rule, spent with more or less taste in London. Provincial life is like a weak, second-hand, miniature imitation, a kind of understudy of what is current and accepted in the capital.

The determination of blood, brain, and wealth to the head, *i. e.*, London, accounts for the extraordinary representative character of its club life. Nearly all the provincial leading men are members, even if they only come up to town once or twice a year.

When we mention the fact that there are over one hundred clubs in London alone, with an average number, say, of 800 members each, making a total membership of over 80,000, the reader will be able to form something like an adequate idea of the great social significance of these institutions. Probably the total number of members is far beyond this, for although some clubs possess only 300 or 400 members, there are thirty-six which vary in numbers from 1,000 to 6,400. And to indicate the tendency which exists to increase the present total, there is a club now in course of

erection which, it is said, will have 10,000 members.

The amount of capital invested in London clubs may be reckoned by millions. Many of the buildings have cost immense sums, for instance, the National Liberal and the Constitutional; not to mention the older establishments, several of which, although palaces in themselves, have been eclipsed in splendor by the two most recent buildings just named.

Entrance fees vary from forty guineas for the Reform, Oxford and Cambridge, and United Services Clubs, down to no entrance fee at all. The yearly subscription averages between eleven guineas and five guineas, some even being less, according to the number of members and the accommodation afforded. Several of the clubs possess very large incomes. For instance, that of the Army and Navy was £30,813 in 1875; the Constitutional with 6,400 members at £5 5s. each would amount to over £30,000; the National Liberal with 6,000 members at £6 6s. reaches about the same sum, without counting the entrance fees, which in both cases are £10 10s. From the above, however, must be deducted the loss on smaller fees paid by country members.

Still, after making every allowance, the before-mentioned facts will give the reader a not altogether inadequate idea of the enormous scale and scope of London club life.

Let us now quietly enter a typical middle-class London club, which we will call the "Junior Parnassus." It is a fine, imposing structure, though the style is, perhaps, rather vulgar and meretricious. The name "Parnassus" has a decided literary flavor; and there are traditions belonging to a not distant past which imply that some literary qualifications are required for membership. But those traditions are vague and hardly justified by facts. The members of the "Junior Parnassus" are known in London for a certain peculiar, uneasy awkwardness of manner, arising, perhaps, from the uncertainty of the status they possess and that which others might be inclined to accord them.

From this expectancy and doubt arises a nervous self-consciousness, betraying itself either in freezing pomposity or abject humility. This club forms in one way an exception to many other middle-class London clubs, inasmuch as it is not figure-headed by any showy, aristocratic name. There is absolute equality in the dull mediocrity of position and personality of the members. They belong to almost every walk of life except that of the shopkeeper, but they take no high rank in any of them; a gentle dulness droops around.

In clubs of this stamp, and indeed in nearly all clubs, the most popular resort, after the billiard-room, is the smoking-room. There night after night are to be found the refuse of the failures in life's battle, those who have not been able to maintain their existence in the main current of existence—the flotsam and jetsam of humanity. Active work, the responsibilities of a family have passed them by and they have drifted into this breakwater of life, to sink, perhaps, lower and lower amid an arid solitude.

What a change has occurred during this century in the growth of clubs and the extension of their facilities for comfort and relaxation! In 1800 the only clubs existing in London were White's, Brooks', Boodle's, The Cocoa Tree, Graham's, and Arthur's. These clubs had, in their day, extinguished the Mermaid, the Apollo, the

Rainbow, the Dilettante, the Brilliants, the Eccentrics, not to omit the Essex Head Club, for which Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote the rules, and used in them, for the first time, the often-quoted word "clubbable."

The Cheshire Cheese, in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, still exists, untouched and unpainted, as it stood when Dr. Johnson and the sunny-hearted Oliver Goldsmith cracked their bottle, seated on the old, time-worn benches, which still exist, before a blazing coal fire.

It was at the Mermaid, Bread Street, Cheapside, that Ben Jonson and Shakespeare met and discussed literature and the drama, and where the bright wit and glittering fancy of the latter were more than a match for the heavy, lumbering learning of the very dogmatic Ben. At the Apollo Club, held at the Devil Tavern, Fleet Street, Ben Jonson wrote "The Devil is an Ass." What a soaring flight from a dingy tavern room in Fleet Street to the palatial splendor of a richly appointed modern club! The buildings and the furniture are infinitely improved; but the men —?

At that time, fatal deficiency! there were no ladies' clubs. The fair sex had not attained their intellectual and moral majority. Such books as "Dodo," "The Yellow Aster," such plays as "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," were unwritten and unacted; and as to clubs like the Alexandra and the Pioneer, even the colossal imagination of a Shakespeare could not have foretold their birth. The Alexandra Club, which only opens its doors to ladies who have been or are eligible for presentation at court, has claims for precedence which must be admitted. Gentlemen under no circumstances are admitted. It is situated at 12 Grosvenor Square, Bond Street. For the comfort of members no one may bring more than two children into it, and then only for a limited time. Boys over seven are not admitted. The hours of closing are exemplary: 10 p. m., or 11, if members dine at the club. This club numbers nearly one thousand members. The entrance fee and annual subscription are both £5 5s.

The Pioneer Club is, perhaps, the most

advanced of ladies' clubs. There members of the more numerous sex discuss the great questions which agitate and influence the heart and mind in this restless period. The members of the Pioneer Club appear to be quite worthy to hold with unfaltering hands the banner on which glitters the words, "Emancipation of Women."

While the Alexandra utterly excludes the weaker sex—man—the Pioneer Club admits them to address its members on political and other questions, reserving to itself the right, through the eloquence of the ladies present, to instruct the instructors. I respectfully admire the speakers who address so clever and naturally critical an audience.

The County Club for Ladies was started as the Tea and Shopping Club, at 177 Regent Street, in the beginning of 1894. A Mr. Gilbert Oliver viewed with sympathetic eye ladies overburdened with parcels who had no place of refuge except a confectioner's, and started the plan named with the object of giving comfort and tea to these, sadly in need of both. The club grew so rapidly that in January, 1895, it removed to its present more convenient quarters, 21 Hanover Square, and assumed the name of County Club.

The only blot or shadow on its success is the fact that a mere man should have originated the idea and developed it into assured success. We are glad, however, to be able to add that Mr. Gilbert Oliver handed the concern over to Miss T. R. Taylor, who now manages it with tact and skill.

Gentlemen guests are admitted but are not permitted to penetrate beyond the lunch and reception-rooms. There is one room named the "Silence Room." This, we learn, is not the most frequented apartment in the club. Wine, spirits, and beer can be obtained at this club, but doubtless they are kept only for the consumption of gentlemen guests. The annual subscription is only two guineas, and one guinea entrance fee for town members only. Musical "at homes" are held here on Saturdays from four to half past six. Now and then

club dances are given at Queen's Hall and other places during the season. To these members may bring their friends. Male friends, as partners in a dance, may not be altogether despicable. The closing hour is 10:45 p. m., or later by arrangement. Another successful ladies' club is the Albemarle; but what has been said on this interesting subject must suffice.

One half the world, we have often been told, does not know how the other half lives. No statement could be more utterly inadequate than that. Lord Salisbury once said that the upper classes of Great Britain knew less of the dim millions who live, or, rather, painfully try to keep body and soul together, than they do of the inhabitants of Timbuctoo. No one would venture to dispute the truth of the statement so far as Lord Salisbury is concerned. But the dim millions are not altogether inarticulate. They have their clubs, called "working-men's clubs." The democratic Sunday papers contain a list of lectures delivered on that day in the halls of these places. If the upper and middle classes know little about how these people live, we may venture to state that they know absolutely nothing of what they think.

In the southwest and west of London are the four leading clubs, viz.: the Eleusis, which possesses a large hall and stage, on which members and friends give theatrical performances occasionally; nearly opposite, in King's Road, Chelsea, is the newer Conservative Club; further west are the Hammersmith and the Cobden Clubs.

In the east is the celebrated Hall of Science Institute and Club, Old N. City Road, where the fiery political gladiator, Charles Bradlaugh, won his spurs and held his own against all comers, showing a leonine force and intellectual vigor which would, in time, have made him one of the great political forces of the country. But even his gigantic strength at last succumbed under the terrific strain necessary to gain possession of his legal and constitutional right to sit in the British Parliament; and just when every sensible man, irrespective of party, recognized the Cromwell-like

power of character and intrinsic honesty of the man, he broke down, and, to the profound sorrow of all who love intellectual force and uncompromising honesty, passed to his well-earned rest.

At the Hall of Science, Mrs. Annie Besant, before she drowned herself in the muddy waters of that miserable sham termed "theosophy," was a shining light. An admirable course of teaching, especially scientific, is carried on at this useful and active institute.

The Central Workingmen's Club, adjoining the Holborn Town Hall, has Saturday night concerts and entertainments, in which the performers are members and professionals. Now and then plays are performed by traveling companies at this and other similar places. The workingmen's clubs of London, Radical, Conservative and non-political, form an important factor in the formation of the opinions of the toiling millions, who lead lives not too varied and interesting in the apparently unending wilderness of streets, which stretch in monotonous dulness in every direction round the mighty city, and also bring a little brightness and amusement in the form of theatrical performances, professional and amateur, and even comic songs to light up and relieve the deep shadows. Such institutions are most numerous in the East End.

The two leading political clubs in London are the Reform and the Carlton; they stand side by side in Pall Mall. From these have sprung the Constitutional and National Liberal Clubs. The Reform was founded in 1836 for the purpose of promoting social intercourse among the reformers of the United Kingdom. The Carlton had been created some years earlier for the purpose of resisting the passage of the great Reform Bill of 1832. Two Liberal clubs existed before 1836—Brooks' and the Westminster Reform Club. In the latter the Radicals predominated.

The members of the Reform Club were first installed at 104 Pall Mall, in a house which had been previously occupied by the Countess of Dysart. It was in time decided

that a new house should be built on the site of the temporary one. The design of Mr. Charles Barry, the architect of the Travelers' Club, was selected, and the present massive and imposing building, partly suggested by the Farnese Palace at Rome, was erected. Strange to say, the architecture of the Carlton Club was suggested by Sansovino's old library in St. Mark's Palace, Venice, an edifice described by Mr. Ruskin as "a graceful one of the central Renaissance." The members of the Reform entered into possession of their new and splendid home in Pall Mall on March 1, 1841.

Larger club-houses have been erected since; but nowhere is there one which displays a richer taste in ornamentation or a more dignified and quietly imposing style of architecture.

Two libraries were included in the rooms designed by Barry. One of them is now used as a smoking-room, whilst the original drawing-room, the finest and most spacious apartment in the building, is now the principal library. It was the intention of the founders of the club that it should be as famous for its collection of books as for its comfort and its cookery. Both laudable intentions have been crowned with success. A collection of books and a library are two distinct things. Books and bricks may, by wise disposition, be made into temples and libraries, but neither make themselves. A sub-committee was appointed to give special attention to the formation of a library, and from the result of their labors the present admirable collection took its first form. Mr. Panizzi, of British Museum Library fame, decided on the plan of the catalogue, and any one now consulting its pages will find that the Reform Club library contains an excellent collection of books in English, French, Italian, and German, independent of its priceless collection of political literature.

The Carlton Club is the next building to the Reform on the same side of Pall Mall. The Duke of Wellington was the originator of this club. It first met in Charles Street, St. James', about fifty years ago. From there it moved to Lord Kensington's in Carlton Gardens; and in 1836 it built the club

in Pall Mall. This place became too small for the increasing members and it was enlarged. In 1854, however, it was pulled down and rebuilt. The present striking and rather showy edifice is the result, and contrasts strongly with the quiet, stately dignity of the Reform Club. In this building the chiefs of the Conservative party meet, and the action to be pursued at elections is weighed and decided upon.

It was, however, found to be a little too exclusive for the new departure in politics inaugurated by the late astute politician, the Earl of Beaconsfield. The new Tory democracy was not in touch with the too exalted chiefs who assembled in their majesty at the Carlton.

The great political tactician therefore was instrumental in organizing the Junior Carlton Club, nearly opposite its political parent. This club is the central point for the country attorneys, land agents, and other junior Conservatives.

The assured success of the Junior Carlton led to the establishment of the ornate and brightly blushing Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue. Another reason for this club being built was the erection of the National Liberal Club as an offshoot of the Reform, which had become a little too ponderously heavy, exclusive, and respectable, like its rival, the Carlton. The present position of the National Liberal Club is, perhaps, the finest in London. It forms part of a splendid pile of buildings, Whitehall Court, overlooking the Embankment Gardens and the river, having Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament to its right. The view from the principal dining-room, of the gardens in front and the river beyond, especially at night, when the lights of the various buildings are reflected in the dark-flowing Thames, is really superb.

The library, opened by Mr. Gladstone, is rapidly becoming a very valuable one. The great attraction of the club is the magnificent smoking-room, which is 102 feet by 35 feet and 23 feet high. Here, at the time of a general election, a scene of excitement prevails. The room is then densely crowded, and frenzied cheers hail Liberal victories at

the polls, while dismal groans mark the fall of some political gladiator. It would be vain to attempt to describe the scene when the fall of Sir William Harcourt at Derby and the loss of nearly every seat in Manchester at the last general election were announced. The staircase, which is a continuous ascending colonnade of various richly tinted marbles, is greatly admired.

Before leaving the palatial club palaces of Pall Mall, we must merely mention the splendidly appointed and architecturally imposing Army and Navy Club, the United Services and Junior United Services Clubs, the Naval and Military, and the marble-fronted Junior Constitutional, which overlooks the undulating and finely wooded Green Park.

The Garrick Club, situated in the theatrical district of Covent Garden, is one of the most enjoyable and sociable institutions existing, where actors and authors, who have arrived, meet to enjoy the charms of refined surroundings and the stimulating associations connected with their fascinating professions. The Garrick contains the finest theatrical library in the United Kingdom, and its collection of portraits is equally unique. Garrick, in the character of Macbeth, may be seen, not in kilt and tartan, but, wonderful to contemplate, attired in gold-laced coat, scarlet breeches, enormous waistcoat, reaching nearly to the knees, silk stockings, and bobwig! The collection of portraits includes several fine Hogarths: Peg Woffington on a couch, "dallying and dangerous," Reynolds' portrait of David Garrick, presented by the Duke of Fife, Edmund Kean as Sir Giles Overreach, with all the satanic intensity of his passionate temperament in full blaze, presented by Sir Henry Irving, who, by the by, would make the finest Sir Giles one would or could desire to see. There are also fine works by Zoffani, Harlowe, Hayman, Wilson, Damer, De Wilde, and Clint; a dozen portraits altogether of Garrick and eleven of the stately John Kemble. The club was first established at King Street, which is a turning out of Garrick Street, where it now stands.

The Savage Club is a kind of Junior

Garrick, where authors, singers, actors, critics, and artists, who still sojourn in Bohemia, not having reached quite the top of the tree, meet and have a merry time. On Saturday nights members and friends meet with the purpose of enjoying themselves, and success usually crowns their efforts. Singing, serious and comic, instrumental performances, recitations, lightning caricature drawing, succeed each other with ad-

mirable and well-contrasted effect. Men do their best under the two potent spurs of emulation and cordial appreciation. The only drawback is that an audience so alive in every nerve to all and every kind of artistic excellence makes an ordinary, humdrum assembly a little depressing. Joachim after playing on his glorious "Strad." would feel the difference if called upon to perform on a ten-cent fiddle.

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

BY CHARLES A. BELL.

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States, Havana, as the capital of Cuba and headquarters of the Spanish army, seemed the natural starting-point for the American attack; and the maxim of war that emergencies must in the main determine army movements is again verified in the transfer of operations to the eastern end of the island. When Admiral Cervera entered the harbor of Santiago de Cuba he determined not only his own fate, but, in large measure, the conduct of the entire war.

It cannot be supposed that the Spanish admiral deliberately chose this harbor as a refuge, and yet if all Cuba's ports had been open to him he could not have found a hiding-place naturally more secure. A narrow opening between rocky heights, the harbor entrance is scarcely visible a few miles at sea and seems a cleft in the solid mountain. It is said that Columbus discovered it only by the merest chance. Owing to the difficulties of the narrow channel, only 180 yards wide at one place, ships do not attempt its passage at night, even in time of peace, but wait outside for morning, resorting to various subterfuges to gain entrance first, as only one vessel can go through at a time.

The advantages of such a position are evident, and the harbor defenses, in possession of a military power, might be made impregnable. Spain improved her opportunity as well, probably, as her weakened

resources would permit, and three forts at the entrance and three smaller ones just inside, besides several earthwork batteries, were ready to oppose any advance of the American fleet.

The most important of these fortifications, Morro Castle, stands high on the bluff east of the entrance, and, with its foundations of rock and its numerous subterranean passages, resembles Gibraltar. Unlike Gibraltar, however, its fortifications were built on the surface. The fortress was erected during the struggle between Spain and England for colonial supremacy, and dates back to 1640. Before the American bombardment began it presented a most picturesque appearance, with its ancient moat and drawbridge and its brown and yellow walls overgrown with moss and ivy. Its armament was a few modern guns and ten or twelve eighteen and twenty-four-pounders. The Spaniards display a fondness for the name "Morro," and have given it to forts at Havana and San Juan, as well as at Santiago. It means a "projecting lip" and is applied to a fortress occupying a bold, prominent position.

On the promontory west of the channel are located La Socapa and another battery, which showed themselves capable of maintaining a dangerous cross fire with Morro, while a little farther in and on the same side as Morro is a star-shaped fort, called from its form Estrella battery. It was armed with a dozen or so smooth-bore guns pointing

directly toward the sea, but able to do some effective work before they were silenced by Sampson's fleet. It was in the channel just beyond Morro and in the vicinity of these batteries that Lieutenant Hobson and his seven companions sunk the collier *Mer-rimac*, hoping to block Cervera's squadron in the harbor. In performing this gallant feat they are supposed to have passed one of the three lines of electrical mines thought to guard the entrance, mines worked by batteries far back in the recesses of the mountain on which Morro stands.

About half a mile up the harbor, at a point where the channel widens, lies Cayo Smith, a small island, also fortified. In earlier days England held it for a time. This probably explains its name, which has a delightful home-like look to Americans struggling with Spanish sounds. Of late years the island has been a watering-place and a popular resort of Santiago's aristocracy.

Beyond Smith Island there is still about a mile of channel to be passed before the open bay is reached, and the view afforded in time of peace is one extremely beautiful, for the lofty mountains rising on either hand are clothed with most luxuriant and varied tropic vegetation. Midway up the passage at Gorda Point on the eastern side are supposed to have been situated the mortar batteries which drove back the *Wompatuck* and for a time delayed the cable-cutting.

Another island, called Ratones, a name meaning rats, lies just at the entrance of the bay. Here was located a government magazine, where ammunition and explosives were stored.

The harbor itself is a magnificent bay, about four miles long by two or two and a half broad. Mountains hide it completely from the sea, which explains the difficulty encountered in ascertaining if Cervera's squadron were really inside. It was protected by Punta Blanca battery on the eastern shore near the city and by guns mounted at prominent points in the city itself. Some distance southwest of Punta Blanca is a coaling station and across the

bay another coal depot and a building used by the Spaniards as a hospital.

The city lies on the eastern shore and almost at the extreme end of the bay, and from the water presents a charming picture. Old castles, recalling Spain's age of chivalry, and more modern houses, with blue and yellow walls, are piled together in strange confusion on the hillside, while the whole is fittingly framed by the stately mountains to the north and east and south and the blue waters of the harbor to the west. But upon entering the city the magic spell dissolves. The buildings are found inferior in design and material and the streets are thick with mud and garbage, all refuse material being thrown into the streets to decay and fill the air with disease germs. In view of such sanitary conditions in a climate where the mean temperature is eighty-eight degrees in summer and eighty-two degrees in winter, it is not to be wondered at that yellow fever prevails the year round and smallpox is often epidemic. The mountains, by shutting out the sea-breezes, contribute to make the place one of the most unhealthful on the island.

Santiago de Cuba is the capital of the province of the same name and the second city of Cuba in size. In 1895 it had a population of nearly sixty thousand. It is probably the oldest city of any size in America, having been founded by Velasquez in 1514. It was for some time the capital of Cuba. It is the center of a rich agricultural and mining region, but war and misrule have thrown their blight over all business activities. What development the region has undergone has come largely through American and English capital. The celebrated Cobra mines near Santiago sent to the United States for many decades an annual output of a half million dollars' worth of copper ore. They fell into disuse, owing to disagreements between the mining company and railroad companies over freight rates, and filled with water, but capitalists are of the opinion that they can again be made profitable when peace is restored.

Strange as it may seem, Santiago province

has also furnished the United States large quantities of iron ore. This ore, which is very rich, yielding from sixty-five to sixty-eight per cent pure iron, has gone principally to Bethlehem, Steelton, Sparrow Point, and Pittsburg companies, and considerable of it has now been returned to Santiago in the form of armor-plates on our war vessels.

Commercially, Santiago, or Cuba, as the city is locally called, ranks next to Havana in importance. It has houses which ordinarily transact several million dollars' worth of business annually. Its principal exports, in addition to those mentioned, are liquors, hides, coffee, tobacco, guavas, and pineapples. As at Havana, the harbor facilities have not been improved as they should be. Several wharves front on the bay, but only vessels of light draft can come alongside. It is said that immense sums have been paid to military engineers for dredging and constructing jetties, but though the money has vanished, the work remains undone.

Here, as in most tropical cities, the people pass much of their time out of doors. The Alameda, a boulevard extending for about half a mile along the water-front and shaded by palms and other tropical trees, is one of the favorite promenades in peaceful days, and an ideal place, barring the heat, for wheelmen. Another is the Plaza de Armas, the principal city square. Here a crowd might be seen on any Sunday or Thursday evening, before war broke out, gathered to listen to the music of the military bands. Several important buildings front upon the Plaza, among them the old cathedral, completed in 1819. Two widely different institutions are also located here, the government house and the San Carlos Club, the regular meeting-place of Cuban patriots, for Santiago has many such, who aided the cause of freedom by contributions of supplies and ammunition. The city also boasts a theater, where Adelina Patti is said to have made her debut at the age of fourteen and under the direction of Gottschalk, but this honor is also claimed for a theater at San Juan.

The accommodations for travelers in Santiago are of the poorest sort. There is not a first-class hotel in the place. This deficiency was partly supplied about two years ago by English and American sojourners in the city, who established an Anglo-American club. Here meals and lodging may be secured, which travelers pronounce the best and cleanest to be found in the West Indies. Santiago is about five hundred miles from Havana, from which it is completely cut off by land, as there is no railroad connecting the two places and the wagon roads are in wretched condition. The city ordinarily depends upon water connections for communication. It has two or three railroad lines running a few miles out of the city, but they do not connect with any important places.

The Spanish forces in Santiago were supposed to number fifteen or twenty thousand when hostilities began, but were later reinforced by the troops driven back as General Shafter's army advanced and by five thousand men under General Pando, sent from Manzanillo. After war broke out the fortifications on the landward side were increased by heavy intrenchments and lines of barbed-wire fences. Batteries located here and the guns of the Spanish squadron did terrible execution on the American attacking party. At this writing the ruined hulks of Cervera's squadron are scattered along the Cuban coast, and before this number of *THE CHAUTAUQUAN* reaches the reader the fall of Santiago will doubtless occur. The capture of the city, added to the destruction of the fleet, will give the United States control of southeastern Cuba and complete the isolation of the island by giving the cables running from Santiago into American hands. In addition, it will show Europe that we have soldiers as well as seamen and may contribute to enlighten Spain regarding the hopelessness of her struggle. It is an interesting coincidence that Santiago de Cuba, the place where forty-eight Americans from the ship *Virginus* were unjustly executed twenty-five years ago, will be the first Spanish city in America to be taken by the United States.

LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON.

BY MARTHA YOUNG.



LIEUTENANT RICHMOND P. HOBSON.
The Hero of the "Merrimac."

CAPTAIN OVIEDO, of Cervera's staff, bearing a flag of truce to Admiral Sampson and carrying by the noble courtesy of the Spanish admiral the good news of the safety of Lieutenant Hobson and his crew, is reported as declaring: "You have made it more difficult, but we can still get out." Even though later developments have proven that the "bottling up" of the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor was ineffective, yet will the annals of the world's heroes be ever the richer for the story of the dauntless deed of June 3d.

There can be no discount on the display of personal bravery of Hobson and the

seven men with him. How a hero grew to measure of greatness; how the clay of which all humanity is fashioned grew in the Potter's shaping hand to so fair a "vessel of honor," is always a study of interest. In young Hobson's case the study is an especially enticing one, for rarely has the blaze of fame so suddenly encircled one. In a day, in an hour, the potent, all-pervading force of electricity has flashed his fame over the round world. To-day, with every searchlight of civilization cast upon him, his character shows courageous, dignified, natural enough to be typical of America's best young manhood; as if the

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great Sculptor, with duty for his keen chisel and selflessness for his fine polish, had builded a character simple and great enough to bear fame's unveiling.

Richmond Pearson Hobson was born at Magnolia Grove, Greensboro, Ala., August 17, 1870. He is the second son of Judge James M. Hobson and Sallie C. Pearson Hobson. His father is a man of attainments, of wit, of courtly, old-time manners, and of marked popularity with all classes and conditions of men. His mother, like a true Cornelia, "counts her jewels" daily. She lives in and for her children, and to-day she reaps the reward of her loving care.

Magnolia Grove is a typical old southern home. It is a firm landmark of the Greek temple style of architecture that swept over the length and breadth of America just after the hip-roofed colonial style had held full sway. The six masonry pillars of the wide gallery front on a fine lawn, where grow magnolias, forest trees, clumps of Cherokee roses interspersed with wire-grass, and a circular driveway is seen winding down to the gates. The old house is situated at the termination of the one long "main" street, somewhat over two miles in length.

On the grounds of the Hobson place are the scuppernong arbor, the kitchen-garden, with its quota of roses and gay annuals, as well as succulent vegetables in season, the orchard, pastures, brooks, tennis-court—all the usual appurtenances of old southern homestead life.

Young Hobson's childhood was that of any other southern boy of good family: much outdoor life, greatly enjoyed, study ardently pursued and earnestly profited by. He was early proficient in swimming. Always a lover of water, in rowing and swimming matches he soon grew able to distance his competitors, as they strove for championship on Cocke's Pond or on Hatches' placid waters. From the village school he entered the Southern University, situated at Greensboro. In those old college halls his studious habits kept him well to the front in his classes. Here he became an

ardent brother of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, Phi chapter.

Just before leaving for Annapolis he had been confirmed in St. Paul's Church, where he had been baptized and had at Easter festivals year after year "carried the banner" or "borne the offering," marching with his classmates in the Sunday-school.

Hobson was barely fifteen when he entered Annapolis. He wore his first long trousers when, applying for his papers of admission, he introduced himself to Secretary Whitney. He carried into the Naval Academy the patient, unflinching adherence to duty that had been his marked characteristic in childhood.

For the last two years at Annapolis young Hobson lived pretty much without the companionship of his class, save that of two faithful friends. One of these, young Kittle, of North Carolina, was so devoted to Hobson that the two were called Damon and Pythias. Hobson, through his strict, puritanic ideas of duty, incurred the displeasure of his class and was ostracized. The quondam favorite in field, and race, and every athletic sport was left without that sympathetic *camaraderie* so dear to him. But it is an "ill wind that blows nobody any good," and to the enforced loneliness of these two years Mr. Hobson's mother and his friends attribute, in good part, the ease with which he took first honors in a class of which he was the youngest member.

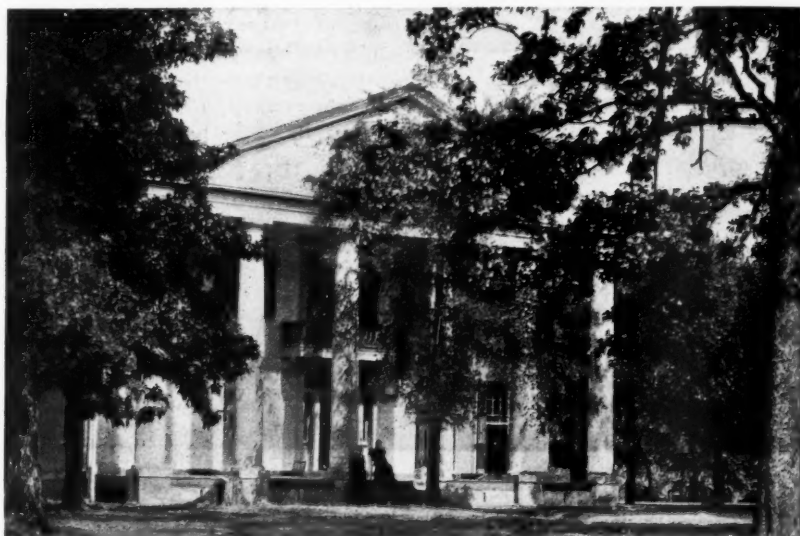
Mr. Hobson's career since graduation has been one of sure advancement. His first cruise after graduation, in 1889, was to Brazil with Admiral Walker, to recognize the flag of Brazil.

So marked was his constructive genius that he was sent for a special course of study to Paris. Three years' study in France, one at École Nationale Superior des Mines, two at École d'Application Genie Maritime, with summers in French shipyards, enabled him to gain with distinction the desired diplomas.

Many of Mr. Hobson's reports and papers on naval matters have a literary as well as technical value. His political-

naval-military paper on "The Situation and Outlook in Europe" has been widely read and favorably commented upon. Mr. Hobson is a man not afraid to do "first thinking." His mind is of the creative as well as of the constructive order. He proposed, he has organized, and at the beginning of the Spanish-American War was conducting the post-graduate course of construction at the United States Naval Academy. This work of Mr. Hobson's makes our navy, what it was not before, independent of European assistance in the matter of construction.

He makes the happy home brighter and lovelier when he is in it. One of the sure delights of his visits to his native village is the large party, a real old-time hospitable southern party, that he gives to his friends. He loves to see the familiar faces about him. These friendships of the South! In that sparsely settled land, when as yet everybody's ancestors know everybody else's, a friendship is very much an heirloom, descending even to the third and fourth generation. The friends that gather for "Richmond's German" are descendants in many instances of those aristocratic fam-



"MAGNOLIA GROVE," THE HOBSON HOMESTEAD, GREENSBORO, A.L.A.

At the declaration of war Mr. Hobson applied for active service, and was ordered to the flag-ship *New York*. During the spring of the present year he was busily engaged as constructor for the fleet at Key West, and the erection of the naval station at that place was under his direction.

All his years of travel and all the adulation of the great which has fallen in the path of the young naval constructor have not won his heart from the old home in Dixie. He has never failed to take the opportunities of a furlough, rare in a naval man's life, for a home visit.

ilies whose founders in America fought with the ancestors of the young hero of to-day, the Pearsons, Mooreheads, and Williams, at King's Mountain and at Cowpens. He leads out in new figures at his German, girls whose grandames have probably led a reel or trod a minuet in stiff brocades and yellow laces with his ancestors up in the old North State, at the older ancestral home on the rushing Yadkin River in North Carolina. He is an incomparable host, and of course dances with every young lady in the room, so that to-day there is not a girl in Greensboro or the surrounding homesteads

who does not boast of "treading a measure" with the hero of the *Merrimac*.

The whole village delights to honor young Hobson on his visits home. The horses that are put at his disposal during his stay among us would well-nigh mount a cavalry division, and some of them are mounts splendid enough to fit Roosevelt's Rough Riders.

Apobos of horses it is but fitting that the passing of "Old Snips" should be here recorded. The young hero took his childish gallops on Snips. Snips, long the family horse of the Hobsons, has but lately slipped quietly away from well-earned idleness on the green pastures of the Hobson place. This year of great national events is the year that noted "Old Snips" took to die in. When the young hero returns to native land and home from that Spanish prison in tropic Santiago it will be the first time that Old Snips' blaze-face has not been the first thing of homely aspect that has greeted him, as that faithful old steed stood waiting at the depot to convey the young officer homeward. "I think," said one, "that even with all these great events to remember, Rich will miss and ask after Old Snips."

Lieutenant Hobson is a fine talker. Few can point a joke or tell a story better than he. To the sisters and brothers no feature of the young man's visits home is more productive of enjoyment than the long eve-

nings when they gather, a happy household party, about the cheery blazes on the great fireplace in the drawing-room of Magnolia Grove, and in the mellow firelight listen to "Richmond" as he entertains the little assembly with jokes, like the memorable ones of Oliver Wendell Holmes, as "funny as can be," or ghost stories gruesome enough to make "each particular hair to stand on end," or depicts foreign scenes and distant lands with a touch clear and artistic enough to do credit to Pierre Loti's pen.

On June 29, through the courtesy and effort of one of the great American newspapers, the first word direct from the hero since his capture reached his mother. The cablegram read: "I am well. Feel no anxiety about me. Richmond."

A week later, July 6, an exchange was effected by which Lieutenant Hobson and his seven companions were returned to the American fleet. Their march through the American lines about Santiago was a triumphal progress. Cheer after cheer greeted them and all semblance of order was lost in the eagerness of the soldiers to catch a glimpse of the heroes. The demonstration made by the fleet was equally enthusiastic. Lieutenant Hobson was returned to the *New York* and immediately resumed his duties. The first work given him was that of assisting in examining and valuing the remains of the Spanish vessels.

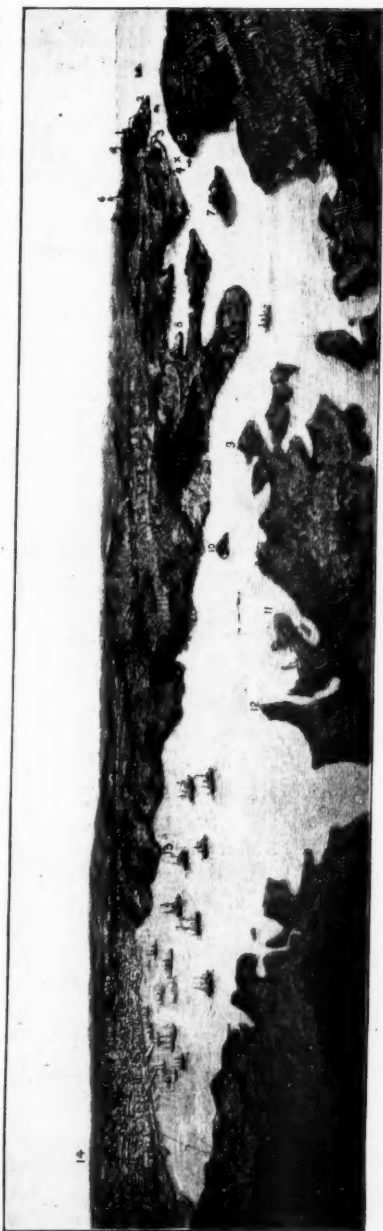


HISTORY AS IT IS MADE.

Cervera's Fleet Destroyed.

News of a second unprecedented victory by the navy of the United States in the war with Spain was given to the world on the 4th of July. The battle itself occurred on the 3d, off Santiago harbor. The best fleet that Spain could send to Cuba suffered the same fate as the less formidable fleet at Manila two months before. Four armored cruisers of modern build—the *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, *Maria Teresa*, and *Cristobal Colon*—two torpedo-boat destroyers of the latest English type—the *Pluton* and *Furor*—and a Spanish gunboat were destroyed; over four hundred Spaniards lost their lives, several officers among them, and some fifteen hundred men, including Admiral Cervera and his staff, were taken prisoners. Not an American ship was injured and the total American loss was one man killed and two wounded!

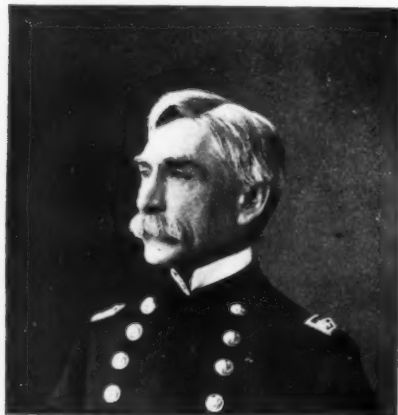
Admiral Cervera's squadron, known as the "Cape Verde fleet," gave us much concern early in the hostilities, and our plans of war were to a certain extent held in abeyance until it was positively known that it had gone into the protected harbor of Santiago. The War and Navy Departments then directed operations of land and naval forces against that port in order to capture the fleet. Along with the labor of conveying and landing troops for the investment of the city, ships of Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson's squadron maintained constant vigil off the harbor and bombarded the coast fortifications at intervals. The watch was rewarded, for after staying in the harbor a little more than six weeks and cooperating with Spanish troops against the United States army's advance upon the city, Admiral Cervera, obeying orders, took desperate chances of escape. But as the Spanish cruisers emerged at full speed from the harbor and steamed to the west they ran a gauntlet of fire from American battle-ships that riddled two and sent



1. Morro Castle.
2. Point del Morrillo.
3. Estrella Batteries.
4. Santa Catalina.
5. La Socapa.
6. Lighthouse.
7. Smith Island.
8. Nisepero Bay.
9. Cape Limeta.
10. Ratones Island.
11. Cape Yarey.
12. Point Sal.
13. Point Blanca.
14. Santiago de Cuba.

them to the beach within twenty-five minutes, a third twenty minutes later, all within ten miles of the neck of the harbor. The running fight with the *Cristobal Colon* continued for about fifty miles, Commodore Schley's flag-ship, the *Brooklyn*, and the battle-ships *Oregon* and *Texas* finally compelling surrender on the beach. Besides the three United States vessels just named, the battle-ships *Indiana* and *Iowa* took prominent part in the engagement. The converted steel yacht, the *Gloucester* (formerly the *Corsair*), commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright (formerly of the *Maine*), finished the work of destroying the two torpedo-boat destroyers, which sought to escape in an easterly direction but ran into the deadly fire of battle-ships and then attempted to run back.

The victory at Santiago left Spain with but one fleet of doubtful strength, consisting of one battle-ship, several cruisers and torpedo-boats, and an assortment of gunboats. The gunboats were kept at home ports. The battle-ship and cruisers were sent through the Suez Canal, under command of Admiral Camara, on the way to the Philippines. But the United States made a counter-demonstration by announcing that Commodore Watson had been



COMMODORE J. C. WATSON.
Commanding the United States Squadron Ordered to Spain.

ordered to assemble a powerful eastern squadron to be sent to the coast of Spain,

and Spain's torpedo-boats were recalled from the Mediterranean and Admiral Ca-



ADMIRAL MANUEL DE LA CAMARA.
Commanding Spanish Reserve Fleet.

mara's fleet was ordered back through the Suez Canal to Cadiz.

The Bloody Siege of Santiago. If almost bloodless victories on the sea could alone have ended the war it would have been a happy outcome for us. But army movements told a bloodier story. The siege of Santiago by land and by sea marked the first crucial stage of the conflict in Cuba on account of Admiral Cervera's unexpected choice of refuge. The harbor and the city were strongly fortified, the Spanish garrison under General Linares being supposed to number about 10,000 men. The fine bay of Guantanamo, about forty miles east of Santiago, was chosen by Admiral Sampson as most suitable for possession in case tropical storms made a refuge necessary for our ships; on June 10 six hundred marines were landed there and established "Camp McCalla." Spaniards attacked them about five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, and they kept up firing all night. The camp was moved to a more protected position, reinforcements were landed, and after three days of skirmishing the Spaniards were repulsed with serious loss. Six Americans were killed.

The first military expedition to Cuba got

under way on the 14th of June and arrived off Santiago seven days later. It consisted of about 16,000 troops, mostly regulars, under command of Maj.-Gen. William R. Shafter. The force was weak in artillery and there was not room on the transports for many cavalry horses, but the journey was safely made in twenty-nine ships, under a large convoy of vessels detached from the navy, and without resistance the troops were safely landed at Baiquiri, a point nearly half way from Santiago to Guantanamo, June 22-3. The advance upon Santiago by General Lawton's division began at once, in accordance with plans agreed upon by General Shafter, the Cuban general, Garcia, and Admiral Sampson. The Spaniards deserted the village of Baiquiri, and the first serious fighting occurred near Sevilla, about seven miles from Santiago. The country is wild and rugged, with two principal roads from Baiquiri to Santiago, and those almost impassable and shut in by undergrowth. It was impossible to drag siege-guns along and the advance was most difficult and perilous, to say nothing of the climate. Moving ahead under orders, the "Rough Riders," on foot, encountered a considerable Spanish force in ambush a short distance from Sevilla. The fight continued for four hours, the Tenth Cavalry being first to reinforce the "Rough Riders," and the enemy was driven to Sevilla, which was occupied next day. In this fight, known as the "battle of La Quasina," from fifteen to twenty Americans were killed; the wounded numbered about forty.

By June 28 the army had advanced to within three miles of the city of Santiago on the southeast, General Garcia had landed a force of several thousand Cubans at

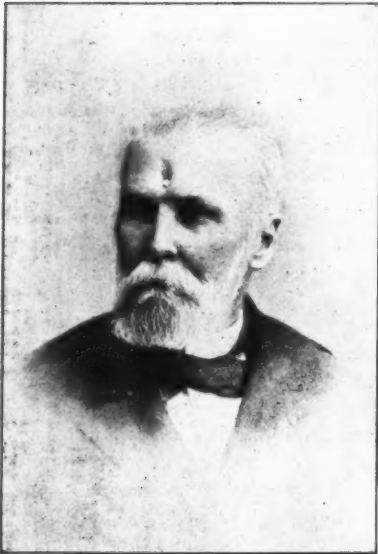
Juragua, and our forces were pushing northwest to complete a crescent about the city. The fortifications at San Juan, El Paso, and El Caney, whose garrisons were supplied with smokeless powder, were captured after desperate fighting on two days, July 1-2. Lieutenant-Colonel (now Colonel) Roosevelt, of the "Rough Riders," had his horse shot from under him while leading the advance in the assault on San Juan, but he kept in the van on foot. The First and Tenth Cavalry distinguished themselves in this up-hill fight. Almost the entire American force joined in the advance on the 2d. General Duffield's division was on the left at Aguadores; General Kent, a mile and a half northeast from the sea; General Sumner's brigade of cavalry (commanded by Colonel Wood) occupied the center of the line; Generals Lawton and Chaffee held the extreme right, including two troops of mounted cavalry,

fully five miles from the sea. General Lawton opened the battle with artillery fire on El Caney. Captain Grimes' battery took El Paso, and despite fire from Admiral Cervera's ships upon his position, he succeeded in silencing the batteries at El Caney, which place was finally taken by Lawton's and Chaffee's men. The Spaniards fought desperately even in retreat, and they were pursued to their own trenches before night-fall. The latest list of American losses in the



MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM R. SHAFER.
Commanding the United States Army at Santiago.

two days' battle gives 23 officers and 208 men killed, 80 officers and 1,203 men wounded, and 81 missing; total, 1,595. General Linares, the Spanish commander, was wounded and relinquished his command to General Toral. First Spanish reports to Madrid placed Spain's loss at "900 killed and wounded, out of 1,800 men engaged."



GEN. CALIXTO GARCIA.
Commanding the Cubans at Santiago.

Desultory fighting continued on the 3d of July, when Admiral Cervera made his dash from the harbor. Major-General Shafter demanded the surrender of the city under penalty of bombardment, but General Toral refused to surrender. Upon the request of foreign consuls a truce was established in order that non-combatants might leave the city. Demand for surrender was again made and refused. July 11, firing was resumed by the American fleet and the land forces, which had been reinforced by infantry and artillery, and had greatly strengthened their position. The same day a third demand for surrender was made. After considerable parleying General Toral, on July 14, agreed to the surrender of the city and the Spanish forces, who are to be transported to Spain by the United States.

In the Philippines and the Ladrões. The first of the military expeditions to Manila, under Brigadier-General Greene, reached that port on June 30. On the way a stop was made long enough to take possession of the Ladrões Islands, numbering about twenty, lying 1,200 miles east of the Philippines, and containing a population of perhaps

10,000. The Spanish garrison on Guahan Island was surprised, and a detachment was left to occupy the fortress, while a number of Spanish officers and troops who surrendered were taken on to Manila. Two more expeditions are on their way to the Philippines. Governor-General Merritt left with the third, and a fourth expedition to complete a force of 20,000 men is preparing. Honolulu gave an enthusiastic welcome to the first expedition which stopped there *en route*, before annexation to the United States had been consummated. At last reports from Admiral Dewey, the insurgent general, Aguinaldo, had conquered all but the walled city of Manila, had taken several thousand prisoners, whom he is treating humanely, had proclaimed the independence of the islands, assuming the presidency under the protection of the United States and holding himself in readiness to cooperate with Admiral Dewey and the United States forces, which must meet perhaps 20,000 Spanish troops. Persistent reports of threatened German interference have not been verified. A large number of foreign war-ships remain in the harbor.

War Incidents and Thanksgiving. The progress of the war has exhibited numerous interesting features that should not go

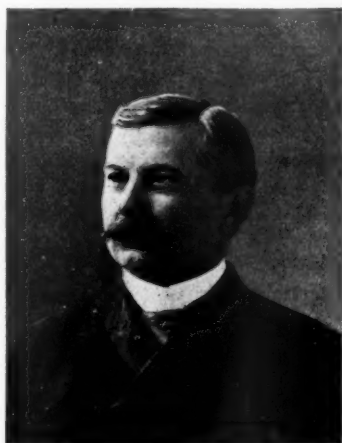


BRIG.-GEN. H. W. LAWTON.
Commanding First Division United States Army at Santiago.

unmentioned. Captain Sigsbee, of the wrecked *Maine*, in command of the unarmored auxiliary cruiser *St. Paul*, disabled the Spanish torpedo-boat destroyer *Terror*, which tried to attack her off San Juan, Puerto Rico, on the 22d of June. The dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* was successfully tested in bombardments at Santiago. After the battle of El Caney, Naval Constructor Hobson and the men who helped him sink the *Merrimac* were exchanged for Spanish prisoners. Hobson explained that the loss of the *Merrimac's* rudder made the plan of completely blocking the neck of the harbor only partially successful, and that a submarine mine, together with part of the torpedoes he exploded, sent the *Merrimac* to the bottom. He went to work upon the problem of saving the wrecks of Cervera's fleet at once upon his return to Admiral Sampson's flag-ship. In Spain, commercial interests have issued a peace manifesto, and, after the reports of Admiral Cervera's "successful escape" were discovered to be false, all sorts of rumors, financial and political, were floated. In the United States, on the other hand, the new war revenue bill became law on June 13, most of the stamp taxes went into effect on July 1, with very little friction, and a "popular" bond issue of \$200,000,000 had been subscribed almost four times over inside of three weeks. President McKinley, on the 6th of July, reviewing the progress and achievements of the war thus far, issued a proclamation which was generally observed, calling upon the people of the United States upon next assembling for divine worship to offer thanksgiving to God for the victories already gained and to pray for the speedy restoration of peace.

Hawaii is Annexed. The Hawaiian Islands have been annexed to the United States, not by treaty, but by a joint resolution of Congress signed by President McKinley, July 7. The resolution received an overwhelming majority in the House and a two thirds majority in the Senate of those voting, although less than two thirds of the full membership of that

body. Treaties require the ratification of two thirds of the Senate, and ever since Mr. Cleveland withdrew the first treaty negotiated for the annexation of Hawaii, the opposition had been able to defeat pending treaties. It seems to be technically true that annexation of a territory by joint resolution is without precedent in the United States. Acquisition by purchase, treaty, cession, and even seizure, is on record, and, although Texas was acquired by joint resolution, the distinction drawn is that Texas was brought in as a state, not as a territory. Whatever the considerations or precedents, annexation



BRIG.-GEN. F. V. GREENE.
Commanding First Expedition to the Philippines.

is now a fact and a long and stubborn contest is ended. The strategic advantages of the islands between the United States forces here and at Manila in the present war and their prospective advantages in connection with the proposed Nicaragua Canal and the development of commerce in the far East seemed to turn the scale in favor of annexation at this time. The present government of the island under President Sanford B. Dole, having ceded its rights of sovereignty to the United States, the joint resolution of Congress accepts the same, assumes the public debt of Hawaii to the extent of \$4,000,000, annuls existing treaties, pro-

hibits Chinese immigration, preserves the local government under the direction of the president of the United States, and empowers him to appoint a provisional government. He is to appoint an Hawaiian commission of five persons, two of whom shall be resident Hawaiians, to recommend suitable legislation to Congress.

The president on July 8 named the following commissioners: Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama, Representative Robert R. Hitt of Illinois, Sanford B. Dole, president of the Hawaiian Republic, and Justice W. F. Frear, of the supreme court of Hawaii.

Labor and Bankruptcy Legislation.

Despite pressing war problems the present session of Congress added a second piece of labor legislation to its record. The first was known as the Interstate Railway Arbitration Law, as noted in this department last month. The second enactment establishes an Industrial Commission, charged with the duty of investigating questions pertaining to immigration, labor, agriculture, manufacture, and business; it is empowered to conduct hearings, furnish information, and suggest laws to Congress and to the various states for the purpose of securing uniform and equitable legislation in the interest of all concerned. The commission may expend \$50,000 a year in its work, and is to be appointed for two years. It will consist of nineteen members: five members of the Senate, appointed by the vice-president; five members of the House of Representatives, appointed by the speaker; and nine other persons representative of different industries and employments, appointed by the president. More notable, in a way, than the labor legislation is the fact that, in the midst of war, efforts extending over a period of fifteen years or more to secure a national bankruptcy law proved successful. Conflicting plans for such legislation were compromised by a conference committee of the two Houses, and the new law took effect July 1. According to the provisions of this law bankruptcy proceedings become a mat-

ter of original jurisdiction in the federal courts. A new definition of a bankrupt is made as follows: "A person shall be deemed insolvent within the provisions of this act whenever the aggregate of his property, exclusive of any property which he may have conveyed, transferred, concealed, or removed, or permitted to be concealed or removed, with intent to defraud, hinder, or delay his creditors, shall not at a fair valuation be sufficient in amount to pay his debts." Two classes of bankrupts are recognized: involuntary and voluntary. The



GEN. EMILIO AGUINALDO.
Commanding the Philippine Insurgents.

latter class have the benefit of a court's declaration of clearance, so to say, upon their own petition to be adjudged bankrupt. The former class includes those against whom creditors may file petitions and prove that (1) a person has conveyed or removed property with intent to hinder or defraud creditors, (2) transferred the same, while insolvent, with intent to prefer any creditors, or (3) suffered, while insolvent, any creditor to obtain a preference through legal proceedings. Penalties are prescribed for concealing property belonging to an estate in bankruptcy, and for maladministration

by a referee or trustee, false claims by a creditor, or any false oath or account in connection with bankruptcy proceedings.

**Russia Sends
a New Ambassador.**

If the United States shall emerge from the war with Spain as more of a world-power than ever before, European nations may be expected to be intensely interested in our début. It is quite apparent, at any rate, that the talk of an Anglo-Saxon alliance, either moral or formal, is treated seriously in European diplomatic circles. Unusual significance, therefore, attaches to the arrival of a new ambassador from Russia at Washington at this juncture. The new ambassador is Count Arthur P. Cassini, who entered the diplomatic service in 1854, and who comes with the prestige of great success at his last diplomatic post, Pekin. He was sent to Pekin in 1891, and is credited with securing for Russia the most important acquisition in China, Port Arthur, check-mating Great Britain to that extent, while Germany occupied the less important Kiaochow. The Russian papers openly admit that a strong man has been sent to this country in view of a new policy indicated by our annexation of Hawaii and other international activities. Count Cassini gave an interview to the press upon his arrival, in which he insisted that the sympathies between the two countries had become traditional and that at no time was the feeling more hearty than the present, unofficial newspaper representations to the contrary notwithstanding. Asked regarding the Russian attitude toward American occupation of the Philippine Islands, Count Cassini said that control by any other nation than Spain was of interest and importance in connection with the problem of the far East, but that they were an outpost and Russia's sphere of activity was confined to the far East proper. He apprehended no change of present good relations with us over our control of the Philippines, but he added that it seemed quite undesirable that they should pass into the hands of England, as that would seriously disturb the equilibrium in the far East.

Foreign Affairs. The quarrel between Great Britain and France over colonial boundaries along the Niger River in West Africa, which threatened to precipitate war, has been settled by a treaty defining disputed claims. The new convention was signed on June 14. The French appear to have gained territory on the navigable part of the river, while Great Britain secures thirty years of reciprocity for the whole west coast colonies from the Liberian frontier to the Niger. Whatever territorial gains or losses may be figured out from the terms of the convention, the fact of a definite treaty regarding spheres of territory is an international advantage in itself.

Socialist gains in France and Germany



SANFORD B. DOLE.
Last President of the Hawaiian Republic.

constitute a development of importance in Europe. The Méline ministry was defeated, upon his declaration that the accession of socialism to power would spell ruin for France, by the failure of the Chamber of Deputies to pass a vote of confidence. M. Henri Brisson, a Radical and ex-premier, succeeded in forming a cabinet on June 27. It contains several other Radicals and representatives of the Moderate groups.

Other European developments of significance include the defeat of the Rudini provisional ministry in Italy and repeated failures of King Humbert to form a satisfactory cabinet to succeed it, and the defeat of the proposed federation of all the

Australian colonies by the failure of the New South Wales to give the required majority of approving votes.

Over in Japan, Marquis Ito, who constructed a ministry last January independent of political parties, has resigned, and the first party cabinet, headed by Okuma Stagaki, succeeds him. From China the news comes that the Tsung Li Yamen has decided to move the capital of the Chinese empire from Peking to Singan-Fu, 300 miles southwest, into the mountainous province of Shen Si, and so much the farther removed from contact with foreign innovations.

An Appalling Sea Disaster.

Among recent events of home note a terrible sea disaster is to be recorded. The French steamer *La Bourgogne*, two days out from New York, in a dense fog, collided with the British ship *Cromartyshire*, from Glasgow, on the 4th of July, and 560 lives out of a total of 725 persons on the *Bourgogne* were lost. Not a first-cabin passenger was saved, and but one woman. The survivors consisted of 10 second-cabin passengers, 51 steerage passengers, and 104 out of officers and crew numbering 222. All the chief officers went down with the ship, but that nearly fifty per cent of the crew and only ten per cent of the passengers were saved is severe enough comment on the discipline of the ship if the survival of but one woman were not added as a brand of cowardice. Survivors told terrible tales of the forty minutes between the crash and the sinking of the ship, panic-stricken men and women fighting for self-preservation, violence, and even murder, being attributed to members of the crew. The disaster occurred near Sable Island, one hundred miles off Halifax, about five o'clock in the morning, and, pending official inquiry, it was attributed to the high speed of the

Bourgogne in the fog, some forty miles out of the usual steamer course.

Obituary. The most conspicuous name on the monthly death-roll is that of Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones, the English painter, who died at the age of sixty-five, on June 17. With William Morris he became a disciple of Rossetti, and thereby medievalism in subject and treatment of art was made the fashion. At twenty-four Sir Edward's talents for stained glass and mural painting gave him position and fame. Oxford honored him with the degree of D.C.L. He was elected president of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists in 1883, and made a baronet in 1894. Elected to the Royal Academy without his petitioning for it, he resigned, ostensibly on ac-



COUNT ARTHUR P. CASSINI.
New Russian Ambassador to the United States.

count of red tape. Financial and artistic success rewarded his efforts; whether his influence on art is to be ephemeral or lasting is much discussed.

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TALK ABOUT BOOKS.

Helbeck of
Bannisdale.

It is a corner of Westmoreland County, England, that Mrs. Humphry Ward has chosen for the principal scenes of her recent novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale."* The old and dilapidated manor-house, the beautiful but neglected park, the majestic groves, the near-flowing Greet, with its rugged banks, and the distant mountains are some of the allurements of the place which the author has vividly described. This is the home of Alan Helbeck, a most devout and conscientious Catholic, a home he has impoverished to promote the various branches of church work. Here one mild March evening he receives his invalid sister, also a papist, who has returned to live with him after an absence of fifteen years. She is accompanied by her stepdaughter, Laura Fountain, a bright, vivacious young woman and a pronounced adversary of all the doctrines taught by the Church of Rome. These differences of religious views in one household cause a strong antagonism between the young man and Laura, in portraying which the author in a most artistic way sets forth the beliefs and practices of the Romanists, and the relation existing between them and the Protestants. At the same time she is ingeniously creating circumstances which finally result in the betrothal of Alan and Laura. Then the bishops, the priests, and the nuns become energetic actors in the drama, whose complications finally terminate in a tragedy. In the construction of this novel the author has again demonstrated her power as a literary artist and her skill in character sketching and descriptive writing, but there is yet lacking in her art that subtle heart-touching quality which is found in the works of some less painstaking writers.

Other Fiction. Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau,"† which first appeared as a serial in a leading magazine, may now be obtained in book form. Like many another sequel, it comes as a slight disappointment to those who have read with avidity its predecessor. In the case of the present story this is particularly true of the last few chapters, in which the movement of events is less rapid and the intensity is correspondingly diminished. Though the story really ends with the death of Mr. Rassendyll, there is a subsequent

chapter for a more complete disposition of some of the characters. However, in spite of its failure to quite equal "The Prisoner of Zenda," it is a stirring story, intensely interesting, cleverly conceived, and full of dramatic incidents, in which the conduct of the chief actors is entirely consistent with their characters as they are first portrayed.

That inordinate self-esteem through which the tenderest feelings never find expression is sure to bring trouble to some one. This is fully exemplified in a story purporting to be the memoir of Captain Basil Jennico.* The events of which he writes took place during the eighteenth century in England and Moravia. It was pride that led the captain to wed the princess, and, strange to say, his pride caused their separation. But just as soon as the heart became the governing power the clouds of trouble gradually rolled away. Throughout the narrative there is a touching strain of heart-woe, which the writers know full well how to bring out.

Historical incidents of the seventeenth century are the basis of Mrs. Marshall's story which she calls "The Young Queen of Hearts."† With the pen of one accustomed to reproduce the scenes of former days, the author conveys to the reader a vivid picture of the life of the young Princess Elizabeth and her brother Henry, the Prince of Wales. The details of the picture include descriptions of the habits and customs of royalty, delineations of political intrigues, and broad hints of the religious agitations of those times. Several historical characters are actors in this story, which is interesting from beginning to end.

James Newton Baskett has written a story to be read in the shade of the forest on a pleasant summer day. The dialectal title, "At You-All's House,"‡ is typical of the country whose landscape, flowers, and fauna enter so largely into this study of life and nature on a Missouri farm. The manners and customs of the people the author has vividly represented through the medium of a few characters who, for the most part, speak and act like real personages.

A bankrupt and unscrupulous king,|| who is banished from his kingdom and established in Tangiers, is the moving spirit in a stirring story by Richard Harding Davis. The king attempts to obtain

* Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two vols. 309+336 pp. \$2.00. New York: The Macmillan Company.

† Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. With eight full-page illustrations by Charles Dana Gibson. 386 pp. \$1.50. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

* The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. 341 pp. \$1.50.—† The Young Queen of Hearts. By Emma Marshall. 284 pp.—‡ "At You-All's House." By James Newton Baskett. 346 pp. \$1.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

|| The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. 175 pp. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

money to liquidate his indebtedness and secure new credit by a system of blackmail, in which dishonest men are his fellow-conspirators and honest men are used as tools to accomplish his base purposes. As the story develops, an American heiress and a newspaper correspondent become involved, and the latter helps to expose the designs of the king. The author shows his skill in creating and using opportunities for dramatic effects, which are heightened by his great literary ability.

Mr. George Moore is the author of a novel which deals with stage life in European cities. The opening scene is the unattractive home of a poor musician of Dulwich, England, where Evelyn Innes* and her father are introduced. Music, the compositions of the old masters, is their one delight, and so busy is the father with a certain hobby that he has neither time nor money to direct the vocal studies of his daughter, who has a remarkable voice. Just at the moment when her aspirations to become a great opera-singer make her home duller and more unbearable than usual a way of escape comes in the form of a temptation to live a life far from irreproachable. The weak show of resistance with which she meets the temptation arouses such an aversion to her that only the strongest resolution can induce one to follow the story of her life through several years of success on the stage to the confessional. The uninteresting moralizings and introspective soliloquies and the weak conversations scarcely repay one for the effort.

"Doctor Sphinx" † is the title of a novel in which is set forth the business career of a modern young woman. Her character, as acts and conversational passages reveal it, seems to be a remarkable combination of strength and weakness. Calleen Mayner is her name. After graduation from Vassar she is a successful teacher, but thinking the work of a stenographer will be less wearing and more remunerative, she borrows money of Dr. Warburton, the sphinx, to attend a Brooklyn school, then commits the indiscretion of falling in love with her creditor, and, what is still worse, she tells him of her affection when she has every reason to believe he is indifferent to her charms. The story, which has little literary value, is too full of unnecessary incident, but it is interesting as an exposition of some people's views of the business woman in general.

The lectures delivered by Rev. Chalmers Martin before the students of Princeton Theological Seminary have been issued in book form, and they furnish

* Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. 435 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

† Doctor Sphinx. By Caroline C. Walch. 420 pp. New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

very interesting and instructive reading. In a very clear, forceful style the author has compared the aims, purpose, problems, methods, and results of apostolic missions* with those of the missionary work of modern times. His opinions concerning the labors of the apostles are based on biblical authority, references to which are inserted in the text, and he shows that in spite of the changed conditions there is an analogy between the missions of the present century and those of the Apostolic Age.

Another series of lectures delivered by Dr. James S. Dennis before the same institution furnishes the subject matter for "Christian Missions and Social Progress." ‡ To prepare the lectures for publication they have been remodeled and enlarged, we are informed by the author's preface, which also states that the facts he presents were obtained from the reports of more than three hundred missionaries, as well as from previously published literature. These facts, which relate to the social degradation in the pagan world and to the remedial agencies employed in mission work, are skilfully used to prove that the Christian mission as an ethical and humane force is a powerful factor in the progress of universal civilization. Four lectures are included in the first volume, and they are amply illustrated with excellent pictures, from which one may learn many interesting things in regard to foreign missions.

A book which should be read in conjunction with those just mentioned is "A Concise History of Missions." § The title suggests the nature of the work, which, in its three divisions, gives a comprehensive historical account of missions, tracing the development of the field, and explaining the methods of conducting the work.

During the seven years in which Mr. William A. B. Johnson did missionary work in Sierra Leone, remarkable results were accomplished among the natives and the Africans who were impressed into slavery. Rev. Arthur T. Pierson has written a simple and effective account ¶ of Mr. Johnson's wonderful faith and of his work in Sierra Leone, information concerning which was obtained from "an anonymous memoir, now out of print."

Rev. Adolphus C. Good, Ph. D., went as a missionary to equatorial West Africa in 1882, and the twelve years he spent there were full of activity. The story § of his life and work, as told by Ellen C. Parsons, M.A., shows what energy, health, talent, and a life consecrated to Christian work can ac-

* Apostolic and Modern Missions. By Rev. Chalmers Martin, A.M. 235 pp.—† Christian Missions and Social Progress. By Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. Vol. I. 469 pp.—‡ A Concise History of Missions. By Edwin Munsell Bliss, D.D. 321 pp. 75 cts.—§ Seven Years in Sierra Leone. The Story of the Work of William A. B. Johnson. By the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. 252 pp. \$1.00.—§ A Life for Africa. By Ellen C. Parsons, M.A. 316 pp. \$1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

comply toward the elevation of the human race. The recital, which is entertaining and instructive, contains many extracts from the missionary's letters, and in the appendix there is an abridged copy of a paper written by him on the superstitions of Western Africa. The appendix also includes an account of the contributions made to science by his discoveries. A map of the territory over which Dr. Good traveled is among the illustrations of the volume.

In "The Gist of Japan" * are found many facts relating to the most progressive of the oriental countries. The author, in a simple, lucid manner, first gives the reader a short, comprehensive history of Japan, showing the characteristics of the people, their customs, and their religion. This helps the reader to understand the succeeding account of the difficulties and the peculiar conditions with which the missionaries must contend. The author has expressed some excellent common-sense opinions in regard to the physical, spiritual, and mental qualifications of a successful missionary, and also in regard to methods of work in Japan. Several illustrations accompany the volume.

Miscellaneous. A work in two volumes designed to promote an interest in Bible study is called "The Holy Land in Geography and History." † The geographical facts pertaining to the Holy Land make up the contents of the first volume. Numerous physical and relief-maps show the country in its present condition, and there are many others which indicate the sites of biblical towns. The second volume contains a very complete set of historical maps and a concise text which they illustrate. Not only the contents, which includes indexes and a short glossary, but the size and the price of the volumes will recommend them to ministers, Sunday-school teachers, and Bible students generally.

"A New Story of the Stars" ‡ is the title of a series of interesting scientific discussions on the origin and the composition of the different members of the solar system. The arguments are clear and cogent, and they are presented in a careful, taking way. A short appendix contains the author's reply to the criticisms of the press on his previously advanced theory of cosmic impact.

A volume || containing Pestalozzi's letters to J. P. Greaves on the education of children is a reprint,

so the preface states, from the London edition of 1827. The power of love, sympathy, and kindness in the development of a child's faculties is dwelt upon with great emphasis, and some of the principles which will accomplish the best educational results are set forth. It is a volume which should be in the hands of every parent.

To one who has spent several years of his life in college halls James W. Alexander's account of undergraduate life at Princeton * will call up pleasant memories of happy days. As the title indicates, the writer has delineated not only the customs and events of recent years but he has told us enough about the old *régime* to enable us to see the progress made in college society and politics. The simple, dignified style of the diction gives the reader great pleasure, and the numerous illustrations double the attractiveness of the little volume.

One of the most useful little books for the student of bird-life is a little pocket manual † by H. E. Parkhurst. It consists of about one hundred pages, into which the author has crowded all the information necessary to enable the field-student to identify about three hundred birds usually found in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. The author's descriptions of the birds are unique and concise, and all the explanations necessary to comprehend them are embodied in an elaborate preface.

An art which has the greatest practical value and about which the general public is little informed is photography. Since the publication of Alfred T. Story's treatise ‡ there is no longer any excuse for ignorance on the subject. First he takes up the history of the art, then he lucidly explains the optics and chemistry of photography, describes the apparatus used and the different processes of photographic printing. There are also chapters on color photography and on the relation of photography to art. The illustrations for the most part demonstrate the principles explained. The volume is one of the series of little books known as The Library of Useful Stories.

Into a volume of two hundred pages called "Various Fragments" || have been collected some of the products of Herbert Spencer's pen. These "fragments," previously published in periodicals, are papers on a wide range of subjects, which the author desires to preserve. Some of these are valuable as exponents of his philosophical teachings. Other subjects treated relate to copyrights, legisla-

* The Gist of Japan. By the Rev. R. B. Peery, A.M., Ph.D. With illustrations. 317 pp. \$1.25. New York and Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company.

† The Holy Land in Geography and History. By Townsend MacCoun, A.M. Two vols. 104+136 pp. \$2.60. New York: Townsend MacCoun.

‡ A New Story of the Stars. By A. W. Bickerton. 22 pp. Christchurch, N. Z.: Bickerton Brothers.

|| Letters on Education. By Pestalozzi. 180 pp. \$1.00. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

* Princeton—Old and New. By James W. Alexander, A.M. Illustrated by W. R. Leigh. 109 pp. \$1.25.—† How to Name the Birds. By H. E. Parkhurst. 115 pp. \$1.00. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡ The Story of Photography. By Alfred T. Story. 169 pp. 40 cts.—|| Various Fragments. By Herbert Spencer. 209 pp. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

tion, arbitration, the metric system, and book-selling.

In studying the poems of Tennyson and the peculiarities of his genius, his environment must be considered an important factor. Just how important is explained by Mr. William G. Ward in a short study entitled "Tennyson's Debt to Environment."* Nature, friendships, sorrow, social relations, and the sea are some of the influences which the author treats in a terse, dignified style. The second part of the book is a guide for the study of Tennyson's minor poems as the resultant of his surroundings. It also contains analyses of "The Idylls of the King" and "In Memoriam," a chronological table, and a bibliography.

From the pen of Dr. Louis Albert Banks come a number of bright and breezy character sketches to which he has given the title "Heroic Personalities."† Each one of the forty sketches gives an account of some noble deed which has helped to elevate the human race, and they are an inspiration to the reader. The portrait of every person about whom he has written accompanies the text.

Very few realize how much of the national legislative business is transacted through the medium of committees until the attention is called to it. Dr. Lauros G. McConachie is the author of a work‡ on the subject of committees, which will help us to understand the intricacies and complexities of legislative procedure. First, he has set forth in smooth-flowing English the origin and evolution of the committee idea, after which the development of the numerous committees in both houses of Congress is carefully traced, causes of innovations are given, and suggestions for further improvement made. The appendix contains, among other interesting items, a copy of the House Rules governing the Fifty-fourth Congress.

The importance of correct punctuation, which no one denies, is emphasized in the preface of a small book|| which gives instruction in the proper use of the punctuation marks. Kate O'Neill is the compiler and she has collected all the rules of punctuation usually given in the text-books on grammar, and fully illustrated the correct application of each one. It is a condensed but comprehensive manual on the subject. The volume also contains an explanation of proof-reader's marks.

A most appropriate title has been adopted by Mr.

* Tennyson's Debt to Environment. By William G. Ward. 100 pp. 50 cts. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

† Heroic Personalities. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. 237 pp. \$1.00. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings.

‡ Congressional Committees. By Lauros G. McConachie, Ph.D. 455 pp. \$1.75. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

|| Punctuation Practically Illustrated. By Kate O'Neill. 151 pp. 50 cts. New York: A. Lovell & Company.

W. T. Stead for his book on New York politics. "Satan's Invisible World Displayed"* is a very graphic account of the revelations made by the Lexow Commission, and being founded on the voluminous Lexow report in which the proceedings of the commission were published, it may be considered authentic. A character sketch, of which Mr. Croker is the subject, closes the volume.

"General Grant's Letters to a Friend"† is the title of a volume which embodies parts of fifty communications written to Hon. Elihu B. Washburn between 1861 and 1880. Nearly half of the letters are dated during the period of the Civil War from important battle-fields and in many of them are expressed opinions on matters personal and historical. The letters written when making a tour of the world also contain interesting matter.

Ex-President Cleveland's address‡ delivered at the one hundred and fifty-first anniversary of the founding of Princeton University has been published in booklet form with dainty covers. It is an address in which are expressed common-sense sentiments relating to the duties of the ideal self-made man and it will be an inspiration to every young man who reads it.

For additional information of a literary and educational character see pages 456 to 464 of this issue.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Parker, Francis W. and Helm, Nellie Lathrop. Uncle Robert's Geography. II. On the Farm.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON.

Colton, Buel, P., M.A. Physiology, Experimental and Descriptive.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Seth, Andrew, M.A., LL.D. Two Lectures on Theism. Delivered on the occasion of the sesquicentennial celebration of Princeton University. \$1.00.

Leathes, Stanley, D.D. The Claims of the Old Testament. Lectures delivered in connection with the sesquicentennial celebration of Princeton University. \$1.00.

Bruce, Alexander Delmain, D.D. With Open Face or Jesus Mirrored in Matthew, Mark, and Luke.

G. F. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Gamble, Eliza Burt. The God-Idea of the Ancients or Sex in Religion. \$2.25.

THE USEFUL KNOWLEDGE PUBLISHING CO., 120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Hardwicke, Henry. The Art of Rising in the World: A Book in which the Means of Self-advancement are Pointed Out. Paper, 30 cts., cloth, \$1.00.

The Art of Getting Rich. Paper, 50 cts., cloth, \$1.50.

E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO., NEW YORK.

Hommel, Dr. Fritz. Translated from the German by Edmund McClure, M.A., and Leonard Crosslé. The Ancient Hebrew Tradition as Illustrated by the Monuments: A Protest against the Modern School of Old Testament Criticism.

* Satan's Invisible World Displayed or Despairing Democracy. By W. T. Stead. 300 pp. New York: R. F. Fenno & Company.

† General Grant's Letters to a Friend. With an introduction and notes by James Grant Wilson. 142 pp. \$1.00.—‡ The Self-made Man in American Life. By Grover Cleveland. 32 pp. 35 cts. New York and Boston: Thomas Y. Crowell and Company.



COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY.

See "History As It Is Made."